TN FRD4 U0591 01
FORDHAM UNIV LIBRARY 1874
AT LINCOLN CTR DIR
NEW YORK NY L0023
DEC3188

The Nation

April 9, 1988 $1.25; U.K. £1

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
AT
LINCOLN CENTER
PERIODICAL HOLDINGS

EDITORIAL

DON'T LOOK BACK, GEORGE

George Bush's strategy of identifying himself with Ronald Reagan appears to be working. Resounding primary wins in Illinois and Connecticut, followed by Robert Dole's withdrawal from the race, made it all but official—Bush will be the Republican candidate for President.

At the same time, there is bad news for Bush. The resignations of Deputy Attorney General Arnold Burns, Assistant Attorney General William Weld and several of their aides in the wake of new disclosures in independent counsel James McKay's investigation of Attorney General Edwin Meese 3d have crippled the Justice Department and increased the pressure for Meese to step down. Meese still has the President's arm around his shoulders, but Bush must be wishing privately that he could be traded to Panama for Gen. Manuel Noriega.

There's more. The long-awaited indictments of Richard Secord, Albert Hakim, John Poindexter and Oliver North mean that the Iran/*contra* scandal will not go away and that Bush's pretense of wounded innocence is bound to shatter. The forthcoming hearings on Noriega by Senator John Kerry's Subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics and International Operations are sure to turn up embarrassing new information on the Administration's participation in the Central American drug traffic.

In his withdrawal speech, Dole complained that while he could run against George Bush, he couldn't run against Ronald Reagan. Walter Mondale seemed to feel the same way in 1984. The events of the past week further reveal the corruption, cynicism and dishonesty behind the Administration's amiable mask. It is now up to the Democrats to insist to the American people that Ronald Reagan is not the only one who is re-enacting the role of Dorian Gray. Check out George Bush's attic.

JACKSON IN MICHIGAN
Andrew Kopkind

DISABILITY RIGHTS
Mary Johnson

GLASNOST IN HUNGARY
Bruce Shenitz

WHITE'S GAY AMERICA
Brendan Lemon

CARIBBEAN EPIC
Joan Dayan

FAMILY VIOLENCE
Elsa Dixler

SPYING IN THE STACKS

THE F.B.I.'S INVASION OF LIBRARIES

NATALIE ROBINS

In a front-page article last September 18, *The New York Times* reported that agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation had asked "fewer than twenty" New York City libraries for help in catching spies who might be lurking in their stacks. According to *Times* reporter Robert D. McFadden's account, "The contacts have been under way since last spring as a result of a sensational espionage case in which a Soviet employee of the United Nations, Gennadi F. Zakharov, recruited a Queens College student as an agent through contacts made at a library." Under the F.B.I.'s Library Awareness Program technical libraries are being requested not only to be on the lookout for spy-recruiting activities but also to report on the reading habits of foreigners who might be copying information allegedly harmful to national security.

The Times did no follow-up article, and aside from local stories and one in *The Washington Post* there has been little coverage of the program, which the American Library Association has called "an unconscionable and unconstitutional invasion of the right of privacy of library users."

"The Zakharov case shows our theory was correct, and we stepped up our program," an F.B.I. spokesman said recently. In an interview in January with the new F.B.I. Director, William Steele Sessions, I asked about the program. Here is a transcript of our conversation:

ROBINS: Recently there was a statement that "The FBI has historically depended upon the American public's assistance in carrying out its investigative responsibilities."

SESSIONS: That is true, and that is routine.

(*Continued on Page 498*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

THE POLITICS OF DECONSTRUCTION

Princeton, N.J.

Jon Wiener's article on Paul de Man ["Deconstructing de Man," Jan. 9] calls to mind those pious pieces that appear from time to time calling into question the validity and utility of all Marxist theory because some of its practitioners (to say nothing of Marx himself) were anti-Semitic. We can be sure that Wiener would be the first to point out the dangers of such conclusions, insisting among other things that the usefulness of Marxist theory has been its variability and adaptability, which must be read in historical context. Why is he so willing to bash all of deconstruction for the sins of Paul de Man? Why are we not offered a more careful analysis of deconstruction that distinguishes between its conservative and radical uses, between the (very different) positions of de Man and Jacques Derrida? I would suggest the answer is that for Wiener it's easier to attack and dismiss an approach that calls into question his most basic assumptions than to come to terms with its insights and implications. Of course, he gestures in the direction of a dispassionate presentation by including some quotes from scholars who disagree with his assessment, but Wiener shapes the essay as an indictment of all deconstructionists.

Jon Wiener is entitled to his know-nothingism, but one expects better from *The Nation*. There is an important current of contemporary radical politics (especially, but not exclusively, among feminists) informed by post-structuralist theory. There are scholars like Michael Ryan (author of *Marxism and Deconstruction*) who write seriously about these matters. Why not have them cover the de Man story so that your readers can be given the materials by which to assess the issue seriously instead of learning about it only from Wiener's reductive and misleading treatment? *Joan W. Scott*

IN DEFENSE OF KRISTEVA

Cambridge, Mass.

Jon Wiener's article is rife with distortions and insinuations bound to obscure rather than clarify the issue of Paul de Man's politics. In one error that is representative, Wiener grossly misrepresents Julia Kristeva's analysis of Céline in *Powers of Horror: An Essay on Abjection* and Paul de Man's commendation of the book. In a parodically overcondensed paraphrase of Juliet Flower MacCannell's critical discussion of Kristeva, Wiener describes her book as "very anti-Semitic itself." Wiener writes: "A chapter of Kristeva's is titled 'Ours to Jew or Die'; in it, the author repeats Céline's anti-Semitic discourse in detail: that the Jew is 'a fecalized, feminized, passivated rot.'" In fact, the subject of the sentence quoted from Kristeva is not the Jew but "I"—Céline. Kristeva is articulating Céline's ambivalent identification with the Jew in the fantasies of his anti-Semitic pamphlets, which she characterizes as "delirium":

> The Jew becomes . . . an Object of fear and fascination. . . . He is abject: dirty: rotten. And I who identify with him, who desire to share with him a brotherly mortal embrace in which I lose my own limits, I find myself reduced to the same abjection, a fecalized, feminized, passivated rot: the repulsive Céline (*Powers of Horror*).

My point is not, of course, that Céline is anything but anti-Semitic but rather that Kristeva herself must not be deemed anti-Semitic simply for critically analyzing his anti-Semitism.

This passage is part of an investigation of Céline's anti-Semitism, in which Kristeva argues that it is structured by "rage against the Symbolic" and by "the attempt to substitute *another Law* for the constraining and frustrating symbolic one, a law that would be absolute, full and reassuring." Her five chapters on Céline are a study of the pathology of this major Fascist writer, for whom, as she speculates, "style" is made to "fully occupy the place left vacant by the disappearance of God, Prophet, and Faith." Kristeva's conclusions can be debated, but to treat her book as Wiener has done—to condemn it for the anti-Semitism it seeks to analyze and to do so without reading it, or reading so quickly and irresponsibly that he quotes a single half-sentence and misidentifies its grammatical subject—is to dismiss with a slur a far-reaching, thoughtful, conscientious effort to think through the phenomenon of Fascism.

Wiener's allusion to de Man's praise of Kristeva's book is worse than misleading, in implicitly ascribing to de Man the anti-Semitic sentiment evoked in the (mis)quotation. De Man commends the book in these terms: "It constitutes, in fact, an excellent introduction to an aspect of contemporary French literature which has been allowed to become somewhat neglected in the current emphasis on para-philosophical modes of discourse. The sections on Céline, for example, are indispensable reading for those interested in the writer and place him within a context that is both illuminating and of general interest." On the same back cover of the book is praise from Roland Barthes and Roman Jakobson.

Wiener's article presumes an identification between Paul de Man's literary, critical and theoretical work over thirty years (1953-83) and the views evoked by his collaborationist newspaper articles at ages 21 and 22 (1941-42). It isn't clear what the relation between these two bodies of writing is, but Wiener has made no attempt to understand it. He treats any passage in de Man's mature work conceivably analyzing the dangers of Fascism or related ideological delusions simply as additional material identifying de Man with Nazism. This is the same gesture I have shown that Wiener performs with Kristeva. It is to consign to opprobrium the critical and self-critical thought we need; it is to trash the very instruments of critical reflection on the conditions of anti-Semitism and Fascism.

Cynthia Chase

DECONSTRUED

Irvine, Calif.

A statement that I did not make regarding Julia Kristeva was attributed to me in Jon Wiener's article "Deconstructing de Man." The focus of my review of her books is on her *method* of analysis. My concern, which I expressed to my colleague Wiener, is that the method may not provide adequate safeguards against the potential for the reader to identify with the Fascist mind.

Juliet Flower MacCannell

RUMOR OF WAR

Burlington, Vt.

In his essay on Paul de Man, Jon Wiener quoted words attributed to me by a correspondent of *The New York Times*. The correspondent had called me on the telephone while I was in the middle of other work—the usual intrusion by the media in my daily life. He wanted to know what sort of information might have been circulated in Belgium about the annihilation of the Jews. My detailed answer contained a description of the mobile killings in the Soviet Union during the second half of 1941 and the onset of deportation in 1942. I made clear that rumors were sparse at the beginning and that the first victims on transports from Belgium to Auschwitz did not know where they were going. I then went on to say that by late summer, Jews went into hiding in large numbers, that nothing had been heard from the deportees, that efforts had been made to find out what was going on and that doubts about the fate of the Jews were rapidly dispelled, certainly in educated circles, before the end of 1942. The word "extermination," incidentally, is that of the *Times* correspondent, not mine, and my first name is Raul, not Raoul.

Raul Hilberg

OUT OF CONTEXT

Baltimore

Jon Wiener, in his article on Paul de Man's wartime journalism, has quoted me as saying, "I don't think this is a matter for journalists and newspapers." The quotation is incorrect. What I said to Wiener in our brief telephone conversation was: "I don't think this is a matter for journalists and newspapers *at this time*." This small, but exemplary, omission confirms my suspicion that press coverage at that time was bound to be inaccurate and misleading, out of the journalistic desire to simplify, to polarize concerned scholars and to exploit a very serious problem as quickly as possible. My remarks were not intended to exclude the

(*Continued on Page 502*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 246, Number 14

LETTERS
482

EDITORIALS
481 Don't Look Back, George
483 Land Divided
484 Flo Don't Know *Andrew Kopkind*
485 Krauthammer's Surrender *Jefferson Morley*

COLUMNS
486 Beat the Devil *Alexander Cockburn*
488 Beltway Bandits *David Corn and Jefferson Morley*

ARTICLES
481 Spying in the Stacks: The F.B.I.'s Invasion of Libraries *Natalie Robins*
489 Disability Rights Movement: Overcoming the Social Barriers *Mary Johnson*
495 Haunted by 1956: Hungary Seeks Its Own *Glasnost* *Bruce Shenitz*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
503 White: The Beautiful Room Is Empty *Brendan Lemon*
504 Brathwaite: X/Self *Joan Dayan*
508 Gordon: Heroes of Their Own Lives: The Politics and History of Family Violence, Boston 1880–1960 *Elsa Dixler*
510 Theater *Thomas M. Disch*

Drawings by Roxana Villa

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editors,* George Black, Elsa Dixler, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editors,* Micah L. Sifry, Katrina vanden Heuvel; *Literary Editor,* Elizabeth Pochoda; *Associate Literary Editor,* Maria Margaronis; *Assistant Literary Editor (Copy),* Julie Abraham; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Managing Editor,* JoAnn Wypijewski; *Research Director,* Vania Del Borgo; *Copy Chief,* Art Winslow; *Assistant Copy Editors,* Stephen Hubbell, Judith Long; *Assistant to the Editor,* Dennis Selby; *Interns,* Winifred Amaturo (Washington), Elizabeth Beer, Robert S. Boynton, Laura H. Crosby, Kent Curtis, Christopher Hull, Christopher Peacock, Tracy Tullis.

Departments: Architecture, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art,* Arthur C. Danto; *Dance,* Mindy Aloff; *Lingo,* Jim Quinn; *Music,* David Hamilton, Edward W. Said, Gene Santoro; *Theater,* Thomas M. Disch, Moira Hodgson; *Bureaus: Washington, D.C.,* Jefferson Morley, editor; David Corn, correspondent; *Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *Europe,* Daniel Singer; *United Kingdom,* E.P. Thompson; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Corporations,* Robert Sherrill; *Defense,* Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Christopher Hitchens (*Minority Report*), Stuart Klawans (*The Small Time*), Edward Sorel. *Contributing Editors:* Kai Bird, Thomas Ferguson, Max Holland, Molly Ivins, Katha Pollitt, Joel Rogers, Kirkpatrick Sale, Herman Schwartz, Michael Thomas, Gore Vidal, Jon Wiener. *Editorial Board:* Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe. *InterNation Editor,* Mark Schapiro.

Manuscripts: The magazine cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Arthur L. Carter

President and Associate Publisher, David Parker; *General Manager,* Neil Black; *Advertising Director,* Chris Calhoun; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers,* Tanveer Mall, Ivor A. Richardson; *Art /Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director,* Stephen W. Soule; *Subscription Manager,* Cookee V. Klein; *Publicity Director,* Sarah Perl; *InterNation Manager,* Phillip Frazer; *Assistant Advertising Manager,* Eamonn Fitzgerald; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Production,* Terry Miller; *Typography,* Randall Cherry, Mitchel Cohen, Sandy McCroskey; *Nation Associates Director,* Sandra Zickefoose; *Syndication,* Jeff Sorensen; *Newsstand Sales Manager,* Jay Pearsall.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. © 1988 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation,* Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Subscription Price:* One year, $36; two years, $67. Add $9 for postage outside U.S. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation,* 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

EDITORIALS.

Land Divided

Why is this year different from all other years? Because in this fortieth anniversary of Israel's founding the contradictions embedded in the Zionist project have burst it wide open. Palestine was "a land without people for a people without land" to the Jewish settlers of the early 1900s, but now the descendants of the people who were always there are again making their presence felt. Of the handful of early Zionist leaders willing to grapple with the implications of that presence, some, like the philosopher Martin Buber, called for a binational state. Vladimir Jabotinsky, an admirer of Fascism and the founder of revisionist Zionism, focused on building Jewish military power. "To the Palestinian Arabs as a community—nothing!" he wrote.

Ideologically, Jabotinsky begat Menachem Begin, who begat Yitzhak Shamir. Labor Zionists like David Ben-Gurion chose not to talk openly about their aims, preferring the quiet but steady process of settlement and the assistance of an imperial power in international relations. Repression, when it was deemed necessary, was ordered with the wave of a hand. Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin, the man responsible for the current crackdown, belongs to both traditions.

Can a land with two peoples, one ruled by the other, ever find real peace? The Land Day anniversary that triggered Israel's unprecedented sealing off of the occupied territories last week commemorates a 1976 protest against the confiscation of village property in Galilee, in which six Israeli

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arabs were shot and killed. What is now happening in the West Bank and Gaza suggests that Henry Kissinger's advice is being followed. More than 4,000 Palestinians have been swept up in mass arrests, making the proportion of their population detained higher than that of blacks in South Africa. Wholesale restrictions on the press are another unpleasant parallel. And all these measures are aimed at establishing dominance, not dialogue.

"Once we were slaves to Pharaoh in Egypt. . . ." At Passover, Jews recall their days of bondage and struggle for freedom—an archetypal journey that has inspired popular movements down through the ages, echoing in Negro spirituals and liberation theology. But in forty years of nation-building too many Israelis neglected to listen to their own history or to the warnings of Buber's descendants. The Palestinians have had their fill of the bread of affliction, and now another people is seeking deliverance from Pharaoh.

Flo Don't Know

Detroit

In 1950, when she was 19, Bertha Gillespie left the hot, rich, farm land of Columbus, Mississippi, and rode the train a thousand miles north to Detroit to find good work and raise her family. She had high hopes. Right away she got a job as a housekeeper in the new Howard Johnson's motel, the perfect orange-and-aqua symbol for the triumph of the auto-industrial age and the mass car culture it spawned. She already had two children, and they moved into the sprawling Brewster housing project. Her new neighbors were black migrants from all over the rural South who had come to work in the factories—and make the beds—of the corporate families that had fashioned Detroit into a great war machine and the foundation of the consumer civilization.

"Oh, things were nice then," Bertha Gillespie told me as we walked around Brewster-Douglas, as the project is now known, just behind Jesse Jackson and a platoon of Secret Service men on the afternoon of the Michigan Democratic caucuses. Gillespie, her daughter and several friends had joined hundreds of residents in an impromptu march to get out the vote and drum up enthusiasm for a campaign that was already at fever pitch in the projects.

"It was a real nice place to live in, most times," Gillespie recalled. "The buildings were so new, they wouldn't let us barbecue outside, 'cause they said we'd smoke up the bricks." The place was full of possibilities. Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber of Detroit, was a Brewster boy. "See over there, that's where Diana Ross grew up. I used to see her all the time," Gillespie said proudly. "And on the second floor of that high-rise there, that's where Mary Wilson lived. And behind, the other Supreme, the one who died, she lived there." They don't remember Flo so well.

"Things started to go down after that," Gillespie recounted. "We lacked police protection. There was a lot of drugs and guns, and the police would come and circle the block, they'd pull over somebodies and take their money and drugs and keep on going. They still do it, but they don't come around that much anymore."

Detroit went up in flames in the riots of 1967, and there are still broad fields of dirt and rubble where nothing has been rebuilt. The bricks of Brewster grew grimy and the paint peeled, but it wasn't from the smoke of barbecues. The entry to Diana Ross's apartment and hundreds of others are boarded up with plywood, and windows in Mary Wilson's high-rise are broken and the stairwells are littered and foul. They closed Bertha Gillespie's apartment block and moved her out of the project, but she still works as a housekeeper in one of the buildings, where old people live. Her seven kids are grown; the "baby," she says, is "coming out" of school this year. She's thinking of going back to Mississippi. "Things down there ain't so bad anymore," she thought. In Detroit, hopes are no longer high.

It is impossible to understand Jesse Jackson's extraordinary political achievement in Michigan without some sense of the social transformations that have produced the conditions his campaign addresses. When Jackson talks about the "dispossessed and the disenfranchised," he does not refer only to the poor or the voteless but to people who are radically removed from the nourishing institutions and the enlivening spirit of American society. In Michigan, especially, that includes whites as well as blacks, and people who are just getting by in the economy as well as those who are suffering on welfare. Hundreds of thousands of white workers have lost their jobs, and the ones who are still working live with a permanent sense of insecurity. A pall of pessimism has settled over the scene.

The precipitous decline of "the industry" has ravaged souls as well as cities. It has exacerbated racial and class differences and has called into question all the old strategies for economic development and social improvement. Detroit Mayor Coleman Young, an undoubted hero of black political power in the early 1970s, has failed utterly to redistribute resources from the declining corporate coffers in the suburban ring to his miserable base in the core. His de facto endorsement of Michael Dukakis, who represents the old strategies and the traditional politics, was a last act of loyalty that was rejected by both the base and the ring.

Jim Settles, an official of United Automobile Workers Local 600 in Dearborn, explained that Jackson's "message" was getting through to workers of all stripes in his union, but it was not merely the promise of paychecks or food stamps. "Jackson does something no one else has done," Settles said. "He gives people hope." Richard Gephardt, who was favored for a time by the union's top brass, scored some emotional points with his Hyundai-bashing, but Jackson won by locating villainy in the system rather than in Asia. Dukakis halfheartedly appealed to white blue-collar workers on the basis of their ethnicity and certain cultural icons. He endlessly repeated sentimental stories of his parents' arrival at Ellis Island; in Detroit's Polish enclave of Hamtramck he actually told a small and dispirited audience that his wife, Kitty, "the love of my life," is supposed to "look just like Jackie Kennedy." At which point his sponsors presented him with a signboard with his name spelled out in kielbasa. Not too many of those folks came out to vote for him the next day.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jackson has known all along that a populist campaign runs on hope and the prospect of power. His jingly chant, "I am somebody" (heard more frequently four years ago than today), turns out to be the essential statement of the populist ideology. He is more sophisticated now, but no less consistent. In Michigan he could be recognized as a great communicator of hope to the victims of transformations that he himself has lived through and triumphed over. The Brewster kids have a new model for success. What Flo don't know (in the Supremes' phrase) is that a new level of political possibility has come out of the projects, out of the shuttered factories along the Rouge, out of the dead city and the besieged suburbs. It's a powerful tide that Jackson is riding now, and it energizes constituencies in ever-widening rings.

Although anything *could* happen in this highly volatile primary season, not everything *will*. Jackson's appeal is still limited—as evidenced by his second-place showing in the Connecticut primary last week—by the class character of his campaign, his race base and by the historical conditions he engages. Michigan displays virtually every difficulty of postindustrial America. Connecticut is about as good as the new entreprenurial, service society can get. If Jackson can get from the one to the other, he will make his own history.

ANDREW KOPKIND

Krauthammer's Surrender

Charles Krauthammer has thrown in the towel on Nicaragua. "The contras, in a position of extreme military weakness and demoralized by their American abandonment, have negotiated the terms of their surrender," he wrote in *The Washington Post* on March 25. Most of the McGlaughlin Group and other right-wing commentators in Washington followed suit. But why was Krauthammer, of all the *contra* supporters in Washington, the quickest to wave the white flag?

Krauthammer, after all, was among the first in the Washington elite to articulate the Administration's ambitions in Central America. In May 1983 he wrote an article in *The New Republic* that began, "Why *not* overthrow the Sandinistas?" [Emphasis in original.] By daring to declare publicly what national security policy-makers had long stated only in classified documents, Krauthammer earned the deserved reputation as the most incisive imperial ideologue of the Reagan era.

Krauthammer's quick concession was a skillful tactical retreat. In his 1983 article he wrote, "Prudence dictates that the United States not embark on support for another doomed cause." He even warned against a policy conducted in secrecy and implemented without the "informed judgment" of the public and Congress. Now that the *contra* cause is apparently doomed, Krauthammer is spared the chore of assessing the Administration's "prudence."

For *contra* supporters today, prudence dictates blaming someone else for failure—not the *contras*. Krauthammer lauds the Nicaraguan rebels' "remarkable political and military gains before the latest congressional aid cutoff." He says these gains vanished in the face of a single Sandinista offensive because the *contras* had been "starved into submission" by Congress. Yet he notes elsewhere in his article that the guerrillas had plenty of supplies.

The defenders of empire prefer to blame America first: Representative democracy in America (i.e., the Congress) is the alleged obstacle to democracy in Central America. "The Democrats have calculated, correctly, that destroying the contras is not a political liability in 1988," Krauthammer wrote. "But who lost Central America will become an issue some day."

Surrender also frees *contra* supporters to spurn the proposals of Soviet General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev to limit superpower involvement in Central America. Gorbachev, by abandoning the Brezhnev doctrine in Afghanistan and rehabilitating Alexander Dubček, leader of the Prague spring uprising in Czechoslovakia, has signaled that he believes a dose of Western-style pluralism would strengthen, not weaken, Marxism-Leninism. As Lucia Annunziata's interview with Jaime Wheelock in last week's *Nation* showed, at least some in the Sandinista leadership also understand the need to reconcile socialism and pluralism. But nothing is more unthinkable—or threatening—to advocates of the Reagan doctrine than the possibility that Nicaragua might take inspiration from Alexander Dubček as well as Fidel Castro. Better to proclaim defeat than respond to Gorbachev and admit such a radical political possibility.

Krauthammer's white flag is both a recognition and a denial of political reality. He recognizes that the American people do not share his imperial ambitions but denies that the political lens of the cold war increasingly distorts the view of Central America (and Central Europe, for that matter). No one should discount the possibility that advocates of the *contra* war may still be tempted into a last spasm of imperial violence in Nicaragua before Reagan's term expires. But the battlefront, as Krauthammer recognizes, is changing. It is politically more profitable to charge Congress with being soft on Communism than to wage an unpopular proxy war that constantly threatens to draw in U.S. troops. Krauthammer wants to bring the war home to more familiar terrain. At home, however, the waning culture of Reaganism faces the emerging culture of postimperial possibilities. That's where Jesse Jackson comes in.

JEFFERSON MORLEY

LAURELS

The Nation has received an Olive Branch Award for its June 13, 1987, special issue, "Gorbachev's Soviet Union." The issue was conceived and coordinated by assistant editor Katrina vanden Heuvel. At the ceremonies in New York City on March 24, a Special Lifetime Achievement Award was presented to James Aronson, a frequent *Nation* contributor, former editor of *The National Guardian* and author of *The Press and the Cold War* (Bobbs-Merrill).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEAT THE DEVIL.

What Did You Say He Wanted?

Mulling the situation over the day after Super Tuesday, Jerry Roberts, political editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, proposed that "Jackson's vote in black districts resembled the totals that dictators pile up in no-opposition elections." *Sic semper tyrannis.* Mulling further, a *New York Times* editorial at the end of March said that support for Jackson amounted to political alcoholism, ruinous to the Democrats, who had been twelve-stepping along nicely since the McGovernite bout with the bottle back in 1972. That same day Anthony Lewis said it was "moving" to see Jackson's triumph over racism, then urged Democrats to vote for a white man. That's liberalism for you. Viva Mondale!

The designated candidate of drunks and party wreckers, quizzed still about what he wanted, could remember Michigan, where he pulled an average of 2,000 people a rally, outside Detroit. The Democratic Party did its best to keep democracy at bay. In Flint there are normally ninety-one polling places open. On caucus day, March 26, there were nine. Voting could take place only between 10 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon, when many auto workers were on shift down in Pontiac. There were absentee ballots only for Jews and Seventh Day Adventists, so the shut-ins—poor, frail and mostly for Jackson—could not vote.

Coleman Young, Mayor of Detroit, backed Dukakis, and this got respectful play in the press as a sign that mature Afro-American opinion knew on which side its bread was buttered. Earlier in the week the mature Irish-American William Shannon offered the view in *The Boston Globe* that maybe sometime soon a black candidate's day would come, but "he would have to be a candidate with a cool, conservative style and a message that was mainstream and not threatening to the status quo." In other words, that noted Afro-American Al Gore. The U.A.W.'s candidate had been Richard Gephardt, and the poor man kept asking in bewilderment why the union that had written his protectionist bill and virtually invented his candidacy had suddenly deserted him. Former U.A.W. president Doug Fraser endorsed Dukakis. Gephardt stood in Flint, eyed curiously by about a hundred people while the U.A.W. officials kept a prudent distance, knowing that the man was doomed and that a graveside nod from Solidarity House would only highlight the union's inability to sway its members. Those members were busy cheering Jackson, in rallies at Local 600 in the Rouge plant or outside the closed Fisher Body plant in Flint, where the sit-down was held in the winter of 1936-37.

By early afternoon many caucus centers in Flint had run out of ballots. The turnout was much larger than expected. Voters waited patiently, an hour or even two. Then came the preliminary results: in the first ward, Jackson, 2,050; Dukakis, 67. Michael Moore, who's originally from Flint, says that the car horns started sounding in triumph when the magnitude of the victory became known. It was a giant "Fuck You" to the system, to received opinion, to the experts, to Coleman Young, to the U.A.W. and to all the motions and devices of Business as Usual. The auto plants in Flint have lost 40,700 jobs in the past ten years. The official rate of unemployment is 15.2 percent; the real rate is at least double that, with the rate for blacks at 50 or 60 percent and more than 80 percent for black youth.

The message Jackson had been bringing to these angry and desperate people was the same one he had brought to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in Austin, Texas, back in January: "Are the South Koreans and Taiwanese taking jobs from the U.S.? Let's look at that, friends. G.M. announced it was closing seven plants and 30,000 jobs last November, then announced 30,000 jobs in Korea. The South Koreans are not taking jobs from us. G.M. took jobs to them. The number one exporter from Taiwan is not the Taiwanese. It's G.E., which owns RCA, which owns NBC, which advertises 'Buy American.' Makes you feel guilty if you don't. While they take jobs from America to Taiwan, make the product with cheap labor there, sell for high prices here."

The evening Jackson wiped out Dukakis and Gephardt in Michigan, one could feel the air literally quiver with agonized appraisals, as the opinion formers finally took heed of the here and now, and then hurried to oppose it. While the horns were honking in Flint, a few hundred miles southeast in Washington the political and journalistic elites were resplendent in white ties and long dresses at the Gridiron Club dinner, poking decorous fun at one another. The vote from Michigan came as the finger writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast: "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin," which translates roughly as "The game is up." The first thought was to inject Dukakis with powerful rhetorical vitamins; the second, that this was impossible and that the only viable Democrat with enough blarney in him to save the day was Mario Cuomo, god from the machine.

In their agony, the Gridiron Democrats urged journalists to turn up the heat on Jackson. In this endeavor there are a number of approaches. First, urgent stress on the fact that Jackson should never have been born. For by being born, he ultimately ended up winning the Michigan caucuses, thus facing the Democratic leadership with the prospect of denying the nomination to the most popular candidate or, supposedly, losing in November to George (Just Fly Low) Bush. The second approach is to stress that Jackson has thus far been the beneficiary of racial politesse, with reporters too sensitive to his ethnic identity to give him the same sort of pitiless leathering accorded Dukakis or Gore. *The Wall Street Journal* quoted Mark Siegel, a Democratic National Committee member, as saying, "It's time for the press to scrutinize Jackson as a serious potential nominee." Siegel is an Israel-right-or-wrong man, and his remark translates as "It's time to give Jackson another serious going-over as an anti-Semitic malfeasant of Federal funds whose campaign platform has been drafted by Arafat and Soviet moles working in the Institute for Policy Studies." This approach, by traditional dialectical entrechats performed by the Ben Wattenberg corps de ballet, becomes the third line of action against Jackson: serious Red-baiting as a Castro-loving comsymp who will, if blessed with any further irresponsible support in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the polling booth, cause the Dow Jones index to drop 200 points just as a warning of what could happen if he continues his mad chatter about raising marginal and corporate tax rates. Wall Street has not been deeply uneasy about any candidate for a long time. If Jackson continues to prosper, the uproar at Belshazzar's place all those years ago will be mild by comparison, however many times he appears at a window with Clark Clifford and even though the more far-sighted strategists of capital should realize that, given the new terms of global competition drawn by Gorbachev, a populist black candidate, safely lodged in the Democratic Party, is exactly what the U.S. system needs for renewed validation in the eyes of the world.

His 'Lonely Courage'

Mordechai Vanunu has been dragged off to his eighteen-year sentence without much commotion in the U.S. press, which remained unperturbed by his kidnapping, inhumane confinement (in solitary for eighteen months) and secret trial, just as it had always been reluctant to examine the reason for his ordeal: to wit, his convincing disclosure that Israel is the sixth-largest nuclear power in the world.

Vanunu wrote from prison in June of 1987: "If there is a case which calls for civil disobedience it is this. Because the nuclear issue is a new and mighty threat which has yet to be sufficiently considered in the world . . . I had to overcome many barriers to do what I did. The chief barrier was the sacrifice of my personal life to exposure and slander and of my future plans—all on this altar. But the action was worth it."

Amnesty International has not adopted Vanunu as a prisoner of conscience, because, so its spokeswoman Jackie Hunt told my colleague JoAnn Wypijewski, he was being prosecuted for a criminal offense rather than his political beliefs. This is bizarre. Vanunu felt compelled by political conviction to expose Israel's lies about its nuclear arsenal. By setting such criteria, Amnesty allows the criminal justice system it might investigate to lay the terms for whether an investigation should occur in the first place. Besides, it regularly adopts Soviet dissidents charged with criminal offenses. Even if the case were being prosecuted as a criminal offense, would not the treatment of the defendant—secrecy, solitary confinement under constant surveillance, severe restriction of expression, psychological torture, the campaign to discredit him—have made it a political case? All Hunt would say is that the organization, while still interested in Vanunu's situation, considered his "a borderline case we thought long and hard about."

Others are being more forthright. Twenty-seven scientists, among them eighteen Nobel laureates and including Hans Bethe, Dorothy Hodgkin, Linus Pauling, Rudolph Peierls, Nikolaas Tinbergen, Victor Weisskopf and Thorsten Wiesel, signed a statement to the Israeli court about to pass sentence on Vanunu, urging it to recognize his "lonely courage" as a "man of conscience": "This act—of making public the reality of Israel's nuclear program—deserves the court's understanding and its perception of a moral imperative seized by scientists of conscience throughout the world." The message was widely covered in Israel and Europe but, though delivered to *The New York Times* and other major papers, the networks and wire services, received no coverage here at all. CBS actually got it on the day it aired a *60 Minutes* segment on Vanunu.

They Do Not Stand Idly By

While Vanunu was being secretly dispatched, the Israeli coalition Cabinet ordered the army to throw more than 4,000 Palestinians into prison without trial and under conditions that can only be imagined. It is therefore appropriate to print this appeal from Yesh Gvul, the organization of Israeli soldiers supporting those who refuse service on the West Bank and in Gaza.

Support Israel's foremost voice of conscience: YESH GVUL ("There is a limit!").

Ofer Kassif, a 23-year-old reservist with the Israeli army, recently got 28 days in a military jail for refusing a posting in the Gaza Strip. Kassif was one of 250 reservists, including numerous officers, who signed a joint letter sponsored by YESH GVUL, proclaiming the signatories' refusal to take a hand in suppressing the current Palestinian insurgency. . . .

As Palestinian protests are met with increasingly violent repression, growing numbers of Israeli soldiers face a choice between obedience to the letter of military law, and obedience to their own conscience; between following orders they find morally, politically and legally repugnant—or defiance, with all the consequences.

Five years ago, the Lebanon war created a similar dilemma, and numerous Israeli soldiers declined to take part in the campaign. Of the hundreds of reservists who refused duty in Lebanon, at least 150 served jail terms. Their sacrifice was not in vain: the growing unrest within the army was a major factor in inducing the Israeli government ultimately to pull its troops out of Lebanon.

The force behind the Lebanon "refuseniks" was YESH GVUL. Now, as Israeli soldiers again face the agonising choice entailed by their duties in the occupied territories, YESH GVUL is once more called upon to provide the moral and material support so vital to those who heed the voice of conscience. The assistance provided is twofold:

a) financial aid to the families of servicemen imprisoned for refusing duty on grounds of principle;

b) moral backing in the form of a campaign of public protest to denounce the "iron fist" policy against the Palestinian population.

For both purposes, YESH GVUL is itself in urgent need of assistance, specifically:

Messages of support for the "refuseniks"—to be sent to the nearest Israeli diplomatic mission, with a copy to us;

Money! We are in urgent need of funds to pursue our campaign of public protests, to include publication of lists of reservists committed to resisting participation in the current wave of repression.

YESH GVUL
P.O. Box 6953, Jerusalem 91068, Israel
or: P.O. Box 4172, Tel Aviv, Israel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN AND JEFFERSON MORLEY

■ The Salvador Trap

Mirna Anaya was making the rounds of Capitol Hill in mid-March, just as Washington was beginning to wake up to the reality of El Salvador today. She is the widow of Herbert Anaya, who headed the nongovernmental Salvadoran Human Rights Commission when he was assassinated, last October. Anaya charges that government agents killed her husband, and she has urged Congress to condition future economic and military aid on the arrest and conviction of his murderers.

The recent legislative elections in El Salvador drove Congressional Democrats further into a trap of their own making. Since 1984 they have given President José Napoleón Duarte their blind support, never pressuring him to undertake economic reforms or investigate human rights abuses. Duarte's Christian Democratic Party was routed in the elections, so the Democrats now face the choice of funding a government dominated by Roberto d'Aubuisson's ultraright Arena Party or cutting U.S. aid at a time when left-wing guerrillas show renewed strength.

The Democrats will almost certainly ignore Anaya's plea. On Capitol Hill it is assumed that Reagan's request for about $400 million in aid will be approved early this summer. Senator Tom Harkin and others may try to make those funds conditional on improvements in human rights and the renewal of peace talks—what one Senate aide called "opening shots across the bow" in the battle to change U.S. policy. But such actions were ineffectual in the early 1980s; they are unlikely to worry the killers of Herbert Anaya now.

■ Million Dollar Man

Is the good name of the recently indicted Richard Secord really worth $8 million? Most people wouldn't pay two cents for the retired major general's reputation as a price-gouging gunrunner of the international sleaze set. But in two separate lawsuits, Secord is asking big bucks for alleged damage to his standing in the business community. He has charged Leslie Cockburn, the author of *Out of Control*, which fully dissects the Iran/*contra* affair, with libel, and Gene Wheaton, a key witness in the Christic Institute's lawsuit against Secord and others, with slander. Wheaton, a former military investigator, had tried unsuccessfully to enter the *contra* supply business.

The action against Cockburn—which also names her husband and fellow journalist, Andrew Cockburn—claims that her account of Secord's role in the scandal has cost him $8 million in income. He also asks for $30 million in punitive damages. Wheaton is accused of wrongly fingering Secord as part of a "secret team" that committed all sorts of crimes, including assassinations. He was served with the lawsuit just as he concluded his fifth day of giving a deposition for the Christic Institute. Secord estimates the damage Wheaton has done to his reputation at $1 million; on top of that he wants a $5 million punitive award.

Why would Secord put himself through additional legal rigmarole when he is already embroiled in two major judicial proceedings? "He still wants to deter people from probing his activity," Andrew Cockburn speculates. Ironically, if the lawsuit reaches the discovery phase, the Cockburns will be able to probe even further, subpoenaing documents and depositions from Secord and his associates.

■ Second Thoughts on Empire

Containment, nuclear escalation and covert action are three central features in the ideology of the postwar American empire. The first two have been effectively repudiated by their original authors, George Kennan and Robert McNamara. On the verge of joining them may be Clark Clifford, the man who wrote covert action into law. As an aide to President Truman, Clifford helped draft the National Security Act of 1947, which authorizes the C.I.A. to carry out covert operations. He recently urged the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence to reconsider his handiwork of four decades ago.

"If we are to continue with them [covert operations] and gain any benefit from them," Clifford testified, "we must find a way to keep them consistent with the principles and institutions of the Constitution and our foreign policy. If we determine that this cannot be done, then again I say we are better off without covert activities entirely than with them out of control."

Clifford, though unable to let go of the hope that covert actions might somehow be conducted more daintily, noted that so far they have proved dangerous. "I believe that, on balance, covert activities have harmed this country more than they have helped us," he said. That's putting it mildly, but better late than never.

■ This Nuke's for You

When you're popping open a tall frosty while watching the World Series on TV next fall, expect to hear the "good news" about nuclear energy between innings. P.R. strategists for the nuclear industry see the October contest and the soon-to-be-aired miniseries *War and Remembrance* as offering the best opportunity "for exposure of [the industry's] message."

This comes from an internal media plan of the U.S. Council for Energy Awareness, the front for the nuclear industry. The plan, obtained by *Earth Island Journal*, recommends that the council spend between $8.3 million and $10.3 million in its campaign to sell nuclear energy to the public, producing slick television and magazine ads that "emphasize the good news about nuclear energy." It suggests that the council continue running advertisements in *The Wall Street Journal*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Reader's Digest* and other magazines. New to the roster is *Sports Illustrated*, and still under consideration are women's magazines. According to the P.R. tacticians, "recent research indicates the environment of women's magazines is not inappropriate for USCEA advertising." Denied a place on the list this year is *The New Yorker*, which "ran anti-nuclear editorial [material] in several issues planned for USCEA [ads] in 1987."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

DISABILITY RIGHTS MOVEMENT

Overcoming the Social Barriers

MARY JOHNSON

The victory won in March by deaf students at Gallaudet University signals that disabled people may finally be achieving recognition of the right to control their own lives. Some commentators have hailed the victory at Gallaudet as the birth of a civil rights movement among deaf people. But civil rights struggles such as this have been going on for years. Eleven years ago, deaf people joined protesters in wheelchairs, on crutches and with guide dogs at Department of Health, Education and Welfare offices around the country to demand that the Carter Administration sign rules implementing nondiscrimination provisions of the 1973 Rehabilitation Act's Section 504. Demonstrators holed up in San Francisco H.E.W. offices for twenty-eight days until Secretary Joseph Califano signed the rules.

The 1973 rights provisions were the first ever for disabled people. Sections 501 through 504 outlawed discrimination against them by groups getting Federal dollars. Two years later, the 1975 Education for All Handicapped Children Act mandated that every child receive a free, appropriate public education regardless of the severity of the handicapping condition. Before its passage, more than half the 8 million disabled children in the United States were not receiving an appropriate education—1 million, according to Congressional reports, were receiving none at all. And while the general feeling today is that there is no longer the wholesale exclusion of children with disabilities from school, says Alan Gartner, former director of special education for the New York City public schools, "There are substantial questions about the appropriateness of that education and even more question about its quality."

Section 504 had been tacked onto a routine funding bill by Congressional staff members who believed in civil rights. Although the act was passed in 1973, rules implementing Section 504 weren't signed until the demonstrations four years later.

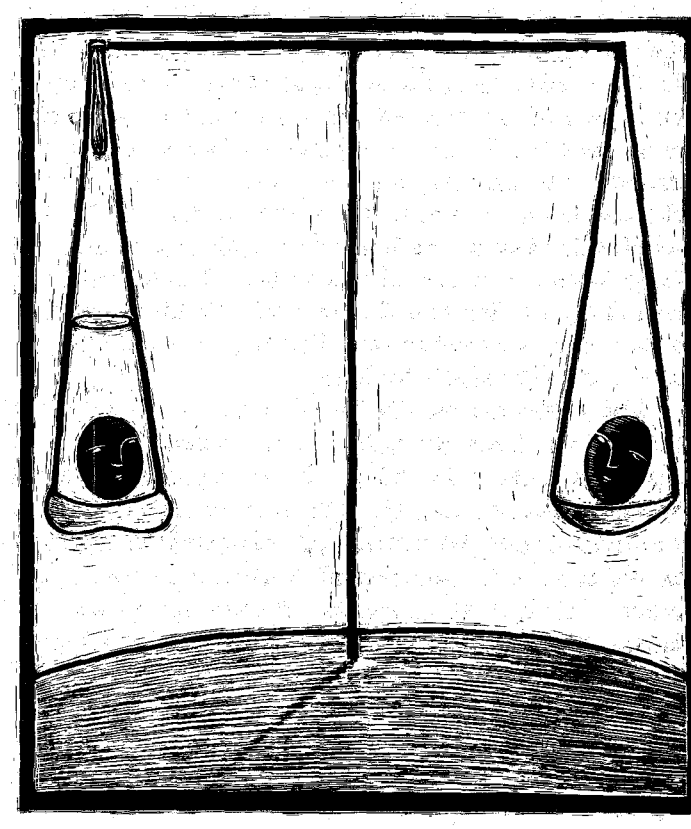
Those demonstrations emerged from a first-time national "cross-disability" coalition, the American Coalition of Citizens with Disabilities, now defunct. A.C.C.D. began organizing disabled people state by state to learn how to use the new laws. Courses given around the country by A.C.C.D., the Disability Rights Education and Defense Fund in Berkeley, California, and Barrier Free Environments Inc. in Raleigh, North Carolina, trained disabled organizers to fight for access.

Section 504, despite its promise, affected only programs getting Federal money; so activists began to work for passage of state access laws and adding disability coverage to state civil rights statutes. Institutions in communities with active disability rights groups gradually became more accessible during this process; but it was rare to find one that became completely barrier-free.

New public buildings almost always follow state codes for "handicap access," but it's typical to see separate "handicap" entrances, water fountains and toilet stalls, with ramps hidden discreetly behind walls adjacent to a front bank of steps. This kind of construction, says architect Ron Mace, president of Barrier Free Environments, typifies the way in which builders defeat integration—and add unnecessary cost.

No laws yet require automatic doors; access for deaf people through teletypewriters (TTYs) installed at phone banks is almost unheard of. Access symbols are frequently mounted on restroom doors too narrow for wheelchairs; sign language interpreters are practically never present at public meetings. Deaf leaders hailed the appointment of a deaf president at Gallaudet; students were overjoyed, one of them told a reporter, that there would now be a TTY and flashing lights for the doorbell in their president's home.

In 1979, the Supreme Court acted to limit Section 504 in the suit of Frances Davis, a deaf would-be nursing student who'd been refused admission into the nursing program at tiny Southeastern Community College in North Carolina because she was deaf. Although other colleges were training



DRAWINGS BY ROXANA VILLA

Mary Johnson is editor of The Disability Rag, *based in Louisville, Kentucky, which reports on the disability rights movement.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deaf nursing and medical students, Southeastern contended that, since Davis could not meet the state licensing standards required of all graduating seniors, it could not admit her. Southeastern made no mention of cost in its suit, says attorney Timothy Cook, who worked on the case; Justice Lewis Powell introduced the idea as a dictum in his decision not to force the school to admit Davis, and it has since been used to argue against opening society for disabled people.

A University of Wisconsin study in 1982 showed that educating disabled children in classes with nondisabled youngsters is less costly than keeping them in "special" classes. But Douglas Biklen, director of the Special Education Department at Syracuse University, contends that although educating a child in the "least restrictive environment" is the law, excuses for avoiding it abound.

In 1981, the American Public Transit Association, trade group for the nation's 1,000 public transit systems, sued the Transportation Department over its Section 504 rules requiring that, within a decade, half of a city's peak-hour bus fleet have lifts. The association won a ruling that local communities could themselves decide what was best for their handicapped citizens—but in no case would they have to spend over 3 percent of their Federal operating budget on them. On January 4, the Eastern District Court of Pennsylvania ruled, in a suit brought by the Eastern Paralyzed Veterans Association and American Disabled for Accessible Public Transportation (ADAPT), that this "cost cap" was "arbitrary and capricious." However, the ruling did not mandate integration—Judge Marvin Katz noted only that a transit system must provide transportation to all who need it, without using the 3 percent cost cap to deny service.

And that is often not the case. According to a report of the Illinois Governor's Task Force on Transportation in 1985, only 5,511 of 110,295 people recognized as "transportation handicapped" were certified by a doctor to use Chicago's paratransit system. In Louisville, the Transit Authority of River City serves about 500 of the more than 20,000 people defined as transportation handicapped by a regional planning report.

Paratransit programs—from Chicago; Detroit; Sacramento, California; Louisville, Kentucky; and Philadelphia, to Shreveport, Louisiana; Raleigh, North Carolina; and South Portland, Maine—have standard features: They require users to get a doctor's approval, obtain a special identification card (some users cynically call them "pass cards") and schedule rides in advance—from twenty-four hours to a week. Paratransit operators prioritize trips; visits to the doctor win out over excursions to the movies.

In 1983 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled (in *Community Television of Southern California v. Gottfried*) that because the Federal Communications Commission is not a funding agency, it needn't require public television licensees to follow Section 504 nondiscrimination rules. In 1984 (in *Consolidated Rail Co. v. Darrone*) the Court held that Section 504 did not cover employment discrimination. The 1984 *Grove City* decision allowing aid to schools that discriminate, which was recently overridden by Congress in new legislation, straitjacketed Section 504, too. In 1985, in its *Cleburne* decision, the Court said Section 504 did not apply; in July 1986, the Court ruled, based on the *Grove City* decision, that Section 504 also did not apply to airlines.

Title V's employment antidiscrimination provisions have done little to improve the employment picture for disabled people. Before the law was passed, the Census Bureau reported that two-thirds of working-age disabled people weren't in the labor force; it's the same today. Figures from the Census Bureau's Current Population Survey of March 1982 show 58.5 percent of disabled men and 76.3 percent of disabled women of working age "not in the labor force." (Disabled people who are working generally hold the same kinds of jobs as nondisabled workers.)

Only one-third of the blind people, fewer than half the paraplegics, fewer than one-fourth of people with epilepsy and only a handful of people with cerebral palsy in this country hold jobs, according to a 1982 study reported in the *Congressional Record*. Despite the law, fewer than 1 percent of Federal workers are disabled. And studies have shown consistently (beginning with a massive Department of Labor study in 1948) that disabled workers are as productive as nondisabled workers.

The Postal Service's special recruitment program for deaf workers paid them $5 an hour during a nine-month probation period while it paid nondisabled employees $10 an hour on three months' probation. The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission ruled last year the differential treatment was illegal; the Postal Service's initial response was simply to cancel the program. (It has since been reinstated as a result of pressure from handicapped rights activists.)

Disabled people can lose government-funded medical benefits if they work—with little hope of comparable ones through employee benefit plans. If they're fired or laid off, they have nothing. To improve this situation, Congress last year passed the Employment Opportunities for Disabled Americans Act, to let individuals on supplemental security income—but not those on Social Security disability insurance benefits—work, while retaining Medicaid coverage. But Medicaid coverage only continues until earnings reach $18,000 annually—less in many states. Bill Henning of the Massachusetts-based Cape Organization for the Rights of the Disabled charges that a disabled person who accrues assets above the limit (approximately $2,000) is no longer eligible for Medicaid. Henning argues that the law, while something of an improvement, keeps disabled people in low-paying jobs and prevents them from acquiring homes, cars and other appurtenances of the middle-class way of life.

Working disabled people, says Henning, need a Medicaid buy-in option that would allow them to maintain Medicaid coverage, no matter how much they earned—and with no assets test. Such an option, the first in the country, was one of the less controversial sections of the state health reform

THE NATION PUBLISHING INTERNSHIPS

The Nation offers a comprehensive intern program for students and recent college graduates interested in magazine journalism and publishing. Write: The Nation Internship Program, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BIRDS GOT IT

Z

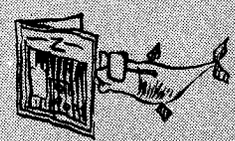
A NEW MONTHLY

MAGA INE

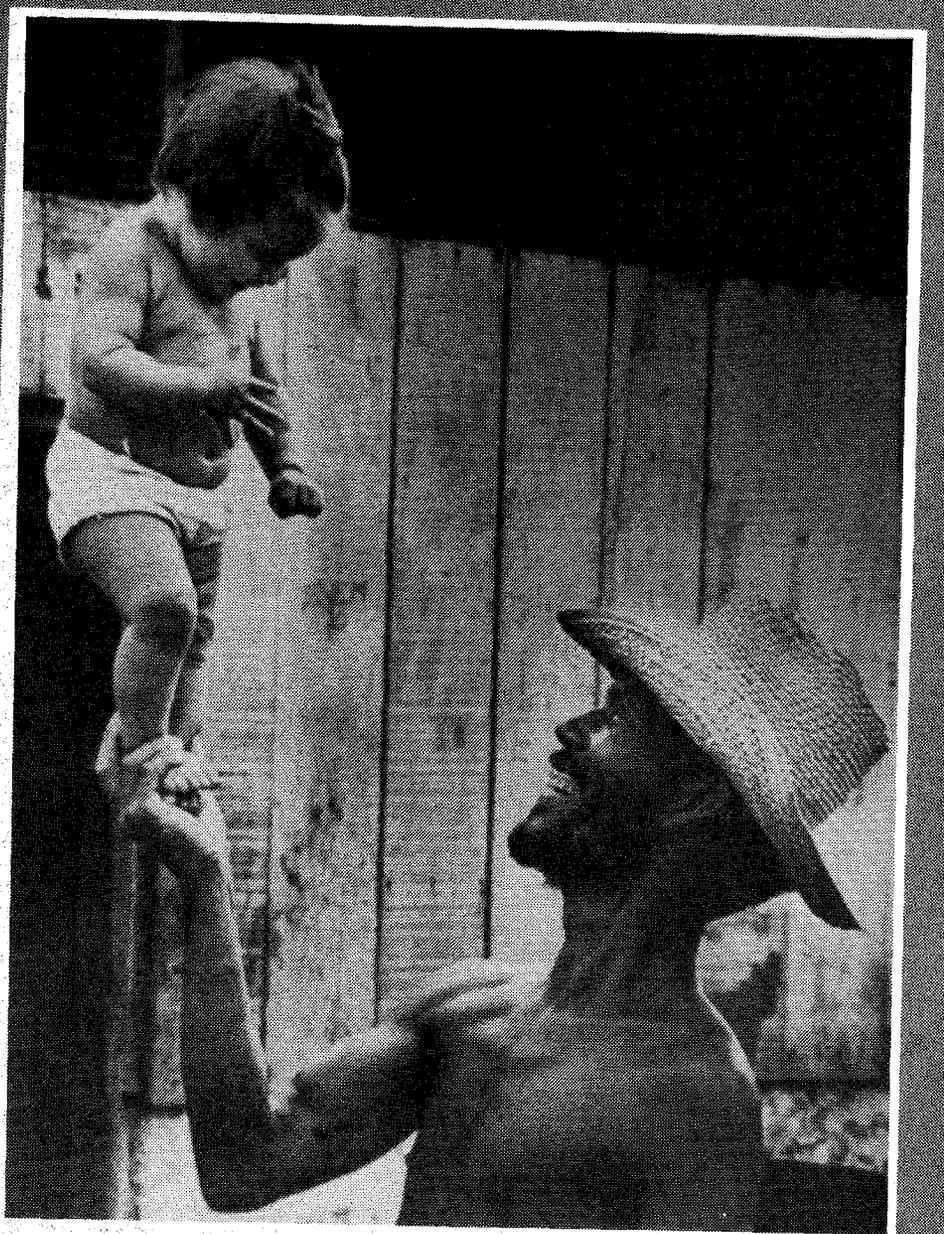
ZETA

SUBSCRIBE NOW

FISH GOT IT



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

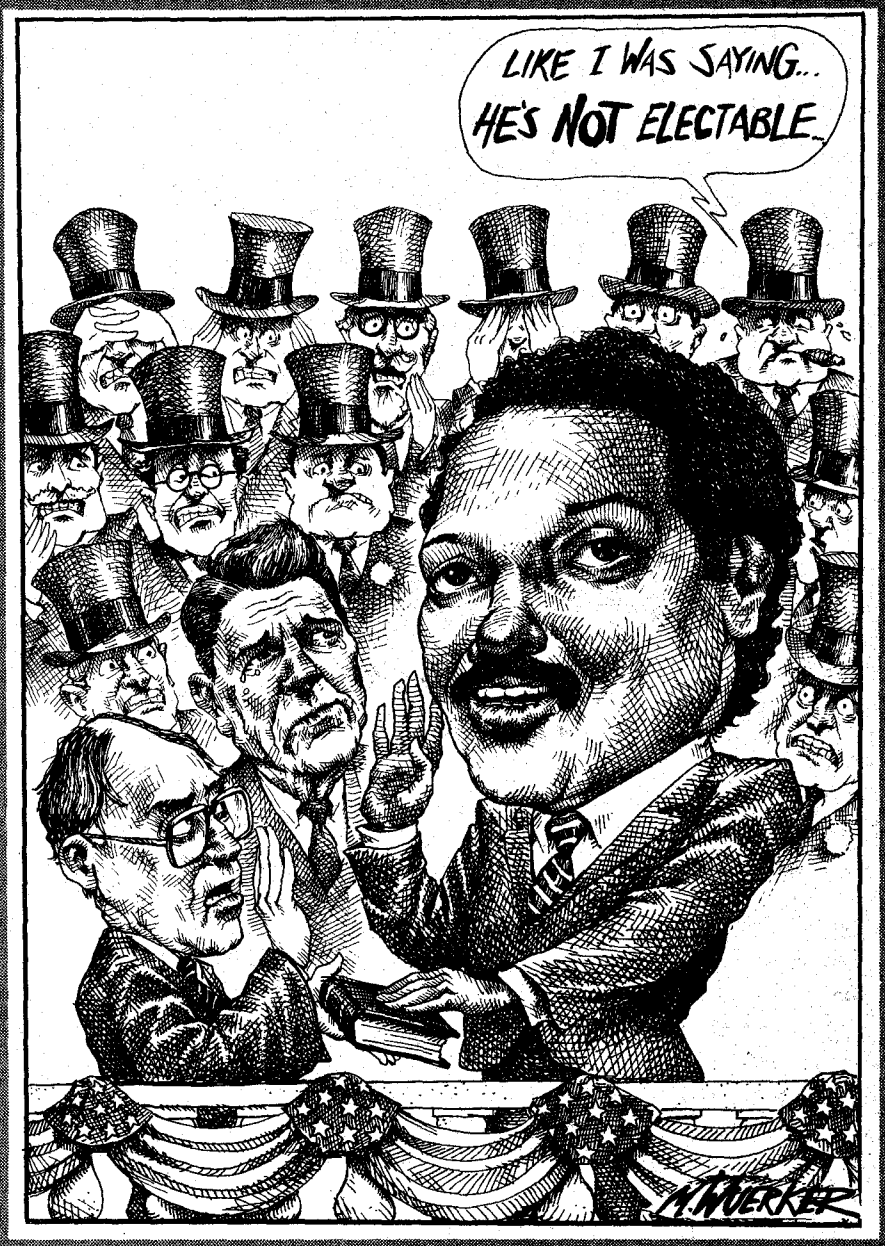


JANET MELVIN

YOUR NEIGHBOR GOT TEN

As a *Nation* subscriber, you received a free complimentary February *Zeta Magazine*. In response, many of you subscribed. For the rest, there will be no more free political commentary, analysis, reporting, humor, and provocation; no more free articles from Noam Chomsky, Alexander Cockburn, Holly Sklar, Juliet Schor, Michael Thelwell, Bell Hooks, Michele Wallace, Cornell West, Diana Johnstone, Sheila Rowbotham, Ynestra King, Dave Dellinger, Lucy Lippard, Alec Dubro, Danny Schechter, Howard Zinn, Edward Herman, and Michael Ansara; no more free book reviews, sports, popular music, visual arts, short stories, political cartoons, drawings, photos, announcements; no more free quarterly features from ARDIS, Francis Moore Lappe, Penny Lernoux, Cindy Patton, Staughton Lynd, Ward Churchill, etc. To get a new monthly magazine for a new time, Subscribe Now!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



I FORGOT TO GET IT—BUT NOW I WANT IT

NO MORE FREE Zs

I enclose $24 for a one year subscription of 12 issues. Please send my Z's to:

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____

City: _____ State: ____ Zip: _____

ZETA MAGAZINE, 150 WEST CANTON ST. BOSTON MA 02118

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

package pushed by Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis and currently in joint conference in the legislature.

One excuse used to avoid change is the argument that disabled people constitute a tiny minority—a "special interest." But a Census Bureau publication, "Disability, Functional Limitation and Health Insurance Coverage, 1984-1985," showed over 37 million Americans 15 years old or older had "difficulty performing one or more basic physical activities." According to this study, between 13 million and 14 million people were listed as having a "severe" disability—meaning the person couldn't perform a specified activity (hearing, seeing, walking, lifting or a combination of these functions) at all, or could do it only if aided by someone else. It's likely everyone in the nation is related to, or knows, someone who's disabled in some way.

The fight for rights has been waged quietly for years by a small band of activists that first coalesced around Section 504, joined today by members of "independent living centers" and the direct-action cadres of ADAPT, whom even critics credit with infusing the movement with new vigor. Independent living centers provide self-help, housing and sometimes legal services for disabled people; state coalitions such as Massachusetts' and California's Associations of Handicapped Persons continue A.C.C.D.'s "cross-disability" vision. Rights-focused single-disability groups press rights agendas, too: The National Association of the Deaf fostered much of the protest at Gallaudet; the National Federation of the Blind has made the right to sit in exit-row seats on airplanes a top priority, vowing to lie down on runways if current rules aren't changed.

ADAPT's single-mindedness has focused attention on the transit issue, student victories at Gallaudet will cause the movement to renew efforts to secure access to communication, and the recent passage of the Civil Rights Restoration Act will make it easier to fight discrimination in programs getting Federal dollars. Other issues—accessible housing and adequate in-home attendant services among them—still loom. A major complaint of disability activists is that other progressive groups rarely feel commitment to their issues.

And that is unfortunate. For the movement's vision of integration and full access for everyone benefits not only people with permanent physical disabilities but anyone who at any time has trouble with the physical norms society has set up—including mothers with young children in strollers, children themselves, older people and anyone with a temporary disability. Disability is a shifting condition we all incur at one time or another. "We" are not a tiny group, says the disability rights movement: "We" are all of society—sooner or later. Using cost as an arbiter of rights seems a thinly disguised concession to continued segregation.

The Gallaudet student victory—and the attention paid it—is one sign that an understanding of what it means to be disabled may be breaking through. The understanding may even be reaching the Supreme Court. In its decision last spring in the case of Gene Arline, the Court wrote that "myths and fears about disability are as handicapping as are the physical limitations that flow from the actual impairment."

The disability rights movement couldn't agree more. □

A DEMOCRACY PROJECT PRESIDENTIAL FORUM

MICHAEL DUKAKIS
AL GORE JR.
JESSE JACKSON
PAUL SIMON

will each speak and answer questions from
the audience and a
panel of leading New Yorkers:

Mayor Juanita Crabb, Binghamton
Bob Herbert, NY Daily News
Jan Pierce, Communications Workers of America
Assemb. Jose Serrano

Mark Green, Democracy Project (Moderator)

Thursday, April 7, 5:30 p.m.
Ethical Culture Society, 2 West 64 St., NYC
$5.00 Contribution At the Door
LIMITED ATTENDANCE

CALL FOR RESERVATIONS: (212) 674-8989

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAUNTED BY 1956

Hungary Seeks Its Own *Glasnost*

BRUCE SHENITZ

The warmish winds of Soviet ***glasnost*** have had a thawing effect on Hungarian politics and society. Nevertheless, both party officials and members of the democratic opposition in Hungary are careful to correct those who believe that the country is dependent on developments in the Soviet Union. "We don't lead them and we're not led by them," says a bureaucrat involved in economic planning. "Let me declare that whether or not there is ***glasnost***, we pursue a Hungarian policy," says another. But even he conceded that, "if there was not a policy of ***glasnost*** in the Soviet Union, it would make our situation even more difficult."

Members of Hungary's democratic opposition also take a certain pride in the way the country has managed to grope along its own path within the constraints imposed by Moscow and the ever-present memory of the brutal suppression of the 1956 uprising. "***Glasnost*** has no relevance here as a program," says Janos Kis, a leading opposition theorist and an editor of the ***samizdat*** journal ***Beszelo***. "It reflects a political situation much less developed than that in Hungary. It nevertheless has an impact in the sense that those who want change can say, 'If there is change in the Soviet Union, why not change of a different character here in Hungary?' It contributes to the delegitimizing of the status quo of those in power."

Miklos Haraszti, a writer and another editor of ***Beszelo***, is surprisingly optimistic about the prospects for long-term political change and development in his country. "The greatest thing about Gorbachev is that this trend is irreversible—an admission that the system doesn't work. The message has permanently changed. It is not that the party shows the way to build a perfect society. The message from now on is that the party tries to rescue the system and tries to overcome the problems it created."

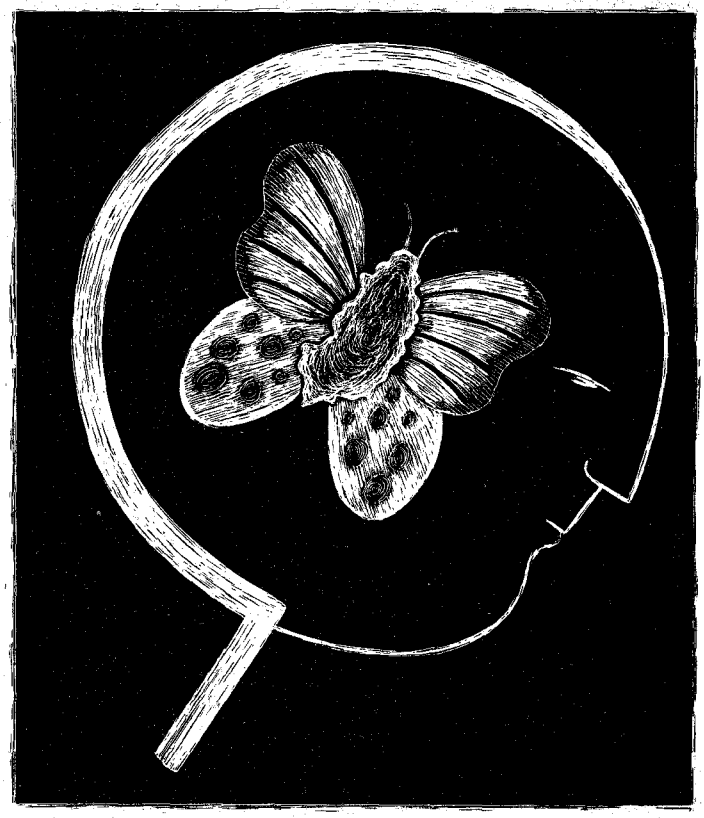
Haraszti's self-professed optimism is little short of amazing, coming from someone with his opposition credentials: He was expelled twice from Budapest University and has often been arrested, in one case getting an eight-month suspended sentence for political writing. It is also surprising because his recently translated collection of essays, ***The Velvet Prison***, about censorship in Communist countries, is unremittingly pessimistic. Haraszti says that the book, first published in France in 1983 and in the United States last year, is already out of date regarding life in Hungary.

The limitations of Gorbachev's reforms don't discourage Haraszti. He believes that Hungarian Communist Party General Secretary Janos Kadar's programs may illustrate something: that a loosening of economic and political control makes people happier. "The system still holds together. That's the message of Kadarism to Gorbachev," says Haraszti. Of course, Hungary has maintained its political shibboleths, the most important of which is accepting the "leading role" of the party.

One factor that could threaten the system is the state of the Hungarian economy. With the largest per capita foreign debt in the socialist bloc and a sluggish industrial sector, Hungary's "economic miracle" has been running out of steam since at least 1980. In January the country became the first member of the socialist bloc to levy a value-added tax. In addition, a more stringent income tax system and cutbacks of government subsidies for basic commodities promise to decrease the country's standard of living—"temporarily," according to the government.

A current joke has it that Hungarians now pay Scandinavian-level taxes with Third World incomes. Since the country's relatively high standard of living has always been a crucial part of the post-1956 stability, the terms of what has been called the Great Compromise are being questioned.

Perhaps the most important development in Hungary today is the rise of democratic opposition and, through it, the framework of true civic culture. In March more than 10,000 people chanting "Democracy!" and demanding new freedoms marched through Budapest in the biggest antigovernment demonstration since the 1956 uprising. The demonstrators, who crammed Parliament Square on the anniversary of the 1848 rebellion against Austrian rule, carried banners with the slogans "Press Freedom," "Real Reforms" and "Freedom of Assembly." For the second year in a row, the authorities tolerated an open expression of dissent. Last year,



Bruce Shenitz is a reporter/researcher for the international edition of Newsweek.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more than 2,000 Hungarians took part in a similar march.

"We are now traversing a deep economic and political crisis," says Kis. "There is a vast front of institutions where the old system is under pressure and under attack. In this sense, the room for maneuver for the democratic opposition is enlarged." There is increasing pressure to allow the formation of special-interest groups around such issues as the environment. Kis cited a January government decision as an example of response to pressure from below: The state permitted the formation of a legal association of gay people to provide AIDS education, reportedly after homosexuals asked the government for the right to organize last October.

Conscientious objection to military service has also become a rallying point for the democratic opposition in Hungary, as well as in other Eastern European countries. On March 21 Haraszti presented to the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe, meeting in Vienna, an appeal for the right to refuse to serve in the army, which was signed by more than 400 people from six countries: the Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary and Yugoslavia. The action was an important example of political coordination among dissidents in Eastern Europe—the first time an appeal was initiated and carried out on such a large scale. Last February, opposition figures in several Eastern bloc countries demonstrated against austerity measures in Rumania. Later that month dissidents in Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia signed a petition on behalf of opposition figures jailed in East Germany.

But the anticipation of hard times does not necessarily augur well for the democratic opposition in Hungary—the fear of a decrease in living standards could create a climate of hopelessness. "Even though people are angry with the government, pessimism doesn't contribute to finding healthy solutions," says Kis, who is a key architect of proposed solutions, as one of three authors of an article titled "Social Contract," which appeared last summer in *Beszelo*. The treatise is a blueprint for "political pluralism and representative democracy" within the framework of "one-party rule and certain executive prerogatives of the party." The authors, all opposition figures, call for a separation of the party and state through constitutional checks and balances.

Months after the article came out, the Central Committee of the Communist Party gave its members a set of preliminary proposals that reportedly discuss political pluralism and the separation of party and state. These are expected to be discussed at a party conference in May. Equally important, the 75-year-old Janos Kadar appears to be resisting pressure from the Central Committee to resign at the conference. Paradoxically, Kadar, who gained a reputation as a reformer after the 1956 uprising, is seen by younger members of the party as impeding further economic and political reforms. For example, demands have been raised inside the party and elsewhere for the posthumous rehabilitation of Imre Nagy, the popular leader executed by Moscow in 1956. Such action is believed to be possible only after Kadar resigns, since it would tar his reputation.

Hungarian Prime Minister Karoly Grosz is widely regarded as a leading contender to succeed Kadar as head of state. Janos Berecz, the party's chief ideologue, is also a serious candidate. Both Grosz and Berecz are viewed as political conservatives who would do little to rock the boat. A long-shot candidate is Imre Pozsgay, General Secretary of the Patriotic People's Front, a party-directed mass organization of churches and trade unions. Although Pozsgay is on the Central Committee, he is generally considered too reform-minded for party regulars.

Haraszti finds it fortunate, given the importance of the rise of a true civic culture in Hungary, that the composition of the current party leadership is a source of hope. He characterizes younger leaders as Western-oriented professionals interested in real change. Haraszti argues that they now understand what the democratic opposition has been arguing for years—that another round of economic change is impossible without corresponding political change, perhaps even a departure from a one-party system.

As for the reform suggestions circulated to party members, the consensus seems to be that those are very vague. One government official said of the proposals, "These are general statements. They don't contain solutions. They're not well worked out, but they are good for inspiring discussion." Still, "there's a kind of consensus that the economy will get worse without political changes," says George Schöpflin, a professor of East European politics at the London School of Economics.

Political pluralism is an issue believed to be on the party conference agenda. Kadar has often said that in a one-party state, the party must be its own opposition. Within the framework of one-party rule, organizations such as environ-

VETERANS PEACE CONVOY *to Nicaragua*

FEED THE CHILDREN, NOT THE WAR

U.S. veterans take the lead in demanding an end to Reagan's policy of war in Nicaragua. On May 21, Armed Forces Day, Veterans Peace Convoy vehicles leave from Maine, Wisconsin, Montana and Washington on an historic trip through the U.S., Mexico and Central America. We will carry children's food and medicine, and a message of peace from the people of the U.S. to the people of Nicaragua. Dozens of events will be held along the routes, with a giant June 5th send-off from Austin, Texas. Join the veterans and help advance the people's policy of peace in Nicaragua.

I want to help the veterans speak out for peace in Nicaragua.

Enclosed is my donation of $ _____.

Please send me more information on the convoy _____.

Name: _____.

Address: _____.

_____.

Phone: _____.

Make tax-deductible checks payable to Veterans Peace Convoy/Quixote, 2025 I St., NW, Rm 313, Washington, DC 20006. Tel. 202-785-7357.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mental groups or trade unions might be permitted to exercise a greater voice in government decisions. The opposition's "Social Contract" suggests why the party might contemplate diminishing its control over society: "Just as earlier the country associated the successes of the consolidation period with Janos Kadar, now it is associating him with the failures at the end of that period." If the party withdraws a bit, it may protect its flanks as conditions worsen.

Working on another front is the Hungarian Democratic Forum, a group created last September by some 150 writers, economists, artists and political thinkers. According to one of its organizers, literary critic Csaba G. Kiss, "The government has often said that it wants a dialogue. The question is, Who will its partner be? We want to create a new legal movement." Until now, the major legal channel for dialogue has been the Patriotic People's Front, headed by Central Committee member Pozsgay. Forum organizers now regard Pozsgay, who attended their founding meeting, as a potential ally who could serve as a bridge between the group and the established party structures.

Democratic opposition members, such as Haraszti and Kis, did not attend the forum's first meeting. Their absence represents not so much antagonism as the fact that the two groups come out of very different traditions. The forum, whose supporters tend to be writers from the provinces and schoolteachers, has a "populist" tradition: a reliance on Hungarian history and a desire to develop national institutions. The democratic opposition, largely an urban phenomenon, tends to look more to Western European models to provide possible solutions to Hungary's problems. Opposition members did attend the Democratic Forum's second meeting, held at the end of January, and members of both groups signed the February petition demanding greater freedom for all Rumanians.

Just what does all this mean for Hungary's future? "The country could be embarking on a more pluralistic system," says Schöpflin. "It can't be excluded that Hungary will eventually come up with a new political system in which the power of the party is redistributed. It may retain old forms, but the substance will be quite different."

For all the insistence that outsiders not confuse developments in Moscow with events in Budapest, no one denies that the reform debate takes place within the context of the relationship between the superpowers and the Soviet Union's traditional concerns about security around its borders. The prospects for the democratic opposition will ultimately depend in part on the degree to which Moscow fears that some of its rapidly reforming satellites might be spinning out of orbit. Haraszti insists, however, that "the '56 revolution and all the major anti-Soviet revolutions, except for Prague in '68, were caused by hard-liners and resistance to reforms."

Haraszti says it is in Gorbachev's interest to support cautious reformers in Eastern Europe. Haraszti acknowledges, however, that "our basic situation in Eastern Europe cannot be changed without a superpower rearrangement. But the final push for that rearrangement can only come from our societies. A strong self-organizing and self-expressing society can give the final sign to Moscow to

"The Yellow Wind dares people to modify their opinions... It is written with tremendous conviction and power."
—DAVID LEHMAN, *Newsweek*

THE YELLOW WIND

David Grossman

"Perhaps the most honest, soul-searching book yet written by an Israeli... A glorious outpouring of prose that reaches poetic heights."
—RUTH BROYDE-SHARON, *L.A. Times Book Review*

"Even the most cautious readers—and even the most hostile—are bound to learn something about the Palestinian conflict... something deep and achingly, damningly true." —WALTER REICH, *N.Y. Times Book Review*

3rd printing before publication

Now at your bookstore FARRAR STRAUS GIROUX

RUSSIA

SOVIET ADVENTURE 10 DAYS $1559 TO $1759
MAY TO SEPTEMBER • MOSCOW, LENINGRAD, KIEV

RUSSIAN ADVENTURE 11 DAYS $1429 TO $1799
MARCH TO DECEMBER • LENINGRAD, MOSCOW, PRAGUE

HERITAGE TOUR 15 DAYS $1999 TO $2159
MAY TO SEPTEMBER • MOSCOW, KIEV, EREVAN, PRAGUE

PROGRESSIVE WORLD TOURS DEPT. N

(305) 427-4779
PHONE OR WRITE

4003 ISLEWOOD DR.
DEERFIELD BEACH, FL 33442

RUSSIA***CHINA***AROUND THE WORLD TRAVEL

reprints from the soviet press

Compass Point Publications
P.O. Box 20673, New York, NY 10025

Enclosed please find my check/money order for $30, payable to Compass Point Publications, Inc., for a one year subscription to *Soviet Reprints*.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State Zip _____

A semi-monthly journal in English of current articles, speeches, documents and reports from the original sources. All material is unabridged and carefully translated, providing Soviet points of view on a full range of topics, including:

Economics • Politics • Foreign Affairs • Law • Labor • Agriculture • Industry • Science • The Unfolding Process of Perestroika and Glasnost

An annual subscription of 24 issues is $30 (for individuals only).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

engage in such a renegotiation of the status quo in Eastern Europe." He pauses for a moment. "On the other hand, the '56 psychology still persists. People are afraid of the tanks. People will never forget the great lesson: that tanks can come, and that makes them cautious. We are a very schizophrenic country." □

Libraries

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

ROBINS: And this was in response to the stories about going into the libraries and asking——

SESSIONS: Yes.

ROBINS: It seems that you are trying to turn librarians—the caretakers of our writers—into informants. What's really behind your seeking librarians' help? It's sort of a desperate move.

SESSIONS: I would not characterize it as a desperate move. I would think that it would be a logical move; that is, a move that should be understood very clearly by the American public and by any person who is aware of it. It is my understanding, therefore, for several years now—maybe as many as ten years—we have sought the assistance of librarians in connection with specialized libraries where there are people who come to gather technical research. Believe it! That these are places where foreign, hostile intelligence persons seek both to gather information and to recruit people who will be their agents in this country! I think it's a totally understandable circumstance, that if a librarian is ***aware*** that this happens, and that information and persons are dealt with in this fashion, that they would want to be aware of it, and then, if they ***want*** to give information, ***fine.*** I don't remember the name of the program. You can help me with the name.

(Sessions turns to assistant director Milt Ahlerich, who, along with supervisory special agent Susan Schnitzer, has been present throughout the interview.)

AHLERICH: Library Awareness Program.

SESSIONS: Library Awareness Program. And I'm aware of that. I find nothing threatening about that. I guess it's in the mind of the beholder. If in fact I came to "librarian Robins," and came in a secret, unpublicized fashion and said, "Now we want you to spy on these people," I think that's an entirely different circumstance! What we're asking for is intelligence that comes by way of awareness and their observations. For instance, if you saw and were aware of recruiting activities that were taking place where people were being encouraged or were being solicited——

ROBINS: You mean actually using the library space as a recruitment spot?

SESSIONS: That's partly it.

ROBINS: But you also expect the librarians to kind of keep an eye on the books on the shelves?

SESSIONS: Not at all. We expect librarians to be aware of things that in their minds are in fact foreign, hostile intelligence gathering efforts.

AHLERICH: There's a very narrow, specialized group of libraries that we're working with, with the head of that association's permission and knowledge that we're there. So it's a very narrowly focused area, with a lot of basis for previous activity on the part of intelligence operatives of foreign lands.

ROBINS: Is that list of libraries available to the public?

AHLERICH: No.

Asked to elaborate on Director Sessions' statement that, contrary to the ***New York Times*** story, the program has been around "for maybe as many as ten years," agent Schnitzer said, "It's ongoing, and it's been more than ten years, but we'd rather not give out the exact date."

Representative Major Owens of New York, the first professional librarian elected to Congress, said that he was told at an F.B.I. briefing on February 10 that the Bureau has been infiltrating libraries for twenty-five years. An official at Princeton University, who did not wish to be identified, told me the F.B.I. visited the library there "sometime in the mid-1960s. They were looking for records of the types of books someone read. Of course, we did not cooperate."

Why libraries, of all places?

The library has a long history as a setting for clandestine meetings of all kinds—from the amorous to espionage. In this country, as early as 1917, journalist Walter Lippmann was part of a secret military intelligence unit that met at the New York Public Library on Forty-second Street.

The F.B.I. incursions also inevitably evoke comparisons to the invasion of U.S. overseas libraries in the 1950s by Senator Joseph McCarthy's aides Roy Cohn and G. David Schine, who forced the removal of books by such "subversive" writers as Pearl S. Buck, Theodore Dreiser and Edna Ferber. Schnitzer denies any similarity: "We're not telling people to censor." In fact, according to a current F.B.I. agent, who requested anonymity and whom I shall call Agent X, "We're not looking at authors. We're looking at people who want to read authors." Agent X doesn't like the term "program." He said, "It's not a program like Cointelpro or the Ghetto Informant Program of the early 1970s. It's more of a counterintelligence investigative technique—it's used for movement analysis," that is, tracking the whereabouts of suspects.

Sven Holmes, majority staff director and general counsel for the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, wrote me recently that the F.B.I. "appears to have a legitimate reason to make carefully selected contacts with specialized technical libraries of the type known to be frequented by Soviet bloc intelligence officers." Nevertheless, committee members believe that such investigations imperil First Amendment rights and "should be subject to strict controls and should have a compelling justification."

What "compelling justification" does the F.B.I. offer? The Bureau told me:

> The potential hostile presence in this country includes 20,000 students from Communist countries, 9,000 visitors from Communist countries and over 4,000 Communist diplomats and commercial representatives based in the U.S. One-third of these diplomats and commercial representatives are believed to be involved in intelligence gathering efforts. We do not have enough personnel to keep track of everyone who comes

Natalie Robins is writing a book about the F.B.I. and American writers, based on 140 Bureau files, to be published by William Morrow. She is the author of four books of poetry and co-author of the 1985 nonfiction work Savage Grace *(William Morrow).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into the country with an intelligence gathering mission, and therefore public awareness is important to our efforts.

And Susan Schnitzer added: "Foreign agents are stealing information [from libraries]. The New York office has a large number of documented cases." Indeed, Representative Owens was told by the Bureau that there had been fifty such incidents in the past twenty-five years.

But civil libertarians and librarians are not convinced. Edith Tiger, director of the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, calls the F.B.I. program "harassment of librarians." Owens describes it as "another example of President Reagan's info-phobia." In a recent interview with the College Press Service, Jaia Barrett of the Association of Research Libraries wondered: "What's the next step? Classifying road maps because they show where bridges are for terrorists to blow up?" (The F.B.I. says, "It's a voluntary program to educate librarians [about the danger of spies], just as we educate defense contractors.") Judith Krug of the American Library Association's Office for Intellectual Freedom complains, "The F.B.I. thinks libraries are an untapped mechanism to enhance law enforcement."

"We're not asking librarians to play 'Junior F.B.I.,'" said Schnitzer, but Representative Don Edwards, chair of the House Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights, believes the Bureau is. "We have protested mightily," he said. "We have to stop it."

What, exactly, can American libraries have in their open stacks that the F.B.I. considers so dangerous? Mainly scientific, technical and economic data that are not classified and are available worldwide to the general public in scholarly journals and books.

Although in a briefing to the Senate Intelligence Committee the F.B.I. said that libraries in only the New York City area were being contacted, through various sources I have located fourteen libraries across the country that have been targets of F.B.I. inquiries within the past six years. Five of them are in New York State; the others are in California, Florida, Maryland, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Wisconsin and Virginia.

These libraries have had a total of twenty-one visits from F.B.I. agents. The vast majority of those occurred in 1986 and 1987, with the rest in 1982 and 1985 and no reported visits in 1983 or 1984.

Librarians said that agents invoked "national security," "counterintelligence," "hostile foreign agents" or "anti-terrorism" in asking for cooperation. One agent flashed a copy of a 1982 *U.S. News & World Report* article titled "Drive to Keep Secrets Out of Russian Hands." "There was a heavy patriotic theme," University of Michigan engineering-transportation librarian Maurita Peterson Holland recalled. "The agent appealed to my sense of adventure," said University of Cincinnati reference librarian Margret Lippert. Agent X told me, "An agent's going to impress upon librarians that the free world will fall unless the library cooperates. He cons a person."

"I felt intimidated," recalled Sylvia Evans of the University of Maryland's chemistry library. "The agent said these people are not U.S. citizens and should not be protected." The F.B.I. man who approached director Selma Algaze of the Broward County Library in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, "tried to appeal to my sense of patriotic duty, and there was an implied threat that I should do what he asked. He said, 'We know for a fact that there are agitators in this area who are using the library for information.' When I asked for specifics, I was told that it was privileged information. He wanted to look at our computer. I said that 'what you're asking is privileged information to us, too.'"

When agents asked to monitor books checked out by interlibrary loan at the University of Houston, counsel Scott Chafin told them, "Absolutely no! If they have a problem with Soviet scientists, they should not let them in. Librarians are not going to do the work of the F.B.I." An agent also wanted to track patrons' computer data base usage there and told the librarian, "Certain Russians are acquiring economic materials which could benefit them." This librarian, who asked not to be identified, said, "It's preposterous—you can dial up these data bases from Moscow!" On October 16, 1986, an agent asked the main library at Pennsylvania State University about an interlibrary loan of a dissertation requested by the East German Embassy. And at the University of Cincinnati an agent who had made a 1985 request for the reading list of a Soviet citizen returned the following year to ask for data on another Soviet scholar. Head librarian Dorothy Byers refused the request. (Visits may have begun as early as 1976 or 1977, according to one librarian, who remembers inquiries about a Polish student around that time.) "I resented being pulled into this," Byers said. "The information community shuts down if you try to limit it. In the 1986 visit, the agent was pushy and went to a clerk, who was all excited and caught up in the mystery of it."

Indeed, agents seem to have the greatest success with the clerks, most of them students. "The clerks rarely know the laws," said Leanne Katz of the National Coalition Against

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Censorship. "The F.B.I. does it very informally for this reason. The more informal, the more reports they can get." Judith Krug of the American Library Association confirmed this: "The clerks are almost defenseless. The agents flash their badges at . . . nonprofessionals who have the mentality of, 'You want the records, here they are.'"

At most libraries the agents were told that the information requested could not be divulged because of state laws governing the confidentiality of library records. Since 1970 thirty-eight states have enacted such statutes. Most agents did not press their request after this; a few, however, returned again and again. In one city, they kept calling weekly, even after the "suspect" had left the country. Their final message was, "Look out for anyone else suspicious." At the University of California, Los Angeles, Engineering, Mathematical and Sciences Library, an agent said, "Everything can remain confidential—it's your duty to cooperate." And at the Broward County Library, an F.B.I. agent said, "Don't you think we could just bypass all this nonsense?"

A college official in Virginia admitted that its library did not "turn the F.B.I. down firmly enough." The F.B.I. wanted the library to suspend the borrowing privileges of a Soviet patron who was reading material about missile sites. The college official said, "Many of our money people are those who would say we should have cooperated. We didn't do anything, one way or another. I was told by our president to 'not be in.' After the January 23 visit, the agent called every day for a month! Finally, the agent came in person and said, 'It sounds like she'll never be in,' and my secretary said, 'You're right.'" In another instance, a library gave the F.B.I. permission to observe a suspect's "habits" as long as the surveillance "did not disrupt service to other scholars."

A few agents threatened to obtain a court order, but only at the research library of the State University of New York, Buffalo, did they do so. The library was compelled to turn over the data base search list requested by an Iraqi student—who by that time, the Bureau claims, had already returned home, according to Stephen Roberts, associate director of libraries. Roberts said, "The agent remained very confident. I once asked him, 'Where did you park?' because parking is often a problem around the library. He answered, 'I parked wherever I wanted to.'"

Sometimes the agents were interested in a specific reader. At the University of Michigan's Engineering-Transportation Library, for example, it was a visiting Russian math professor studying graph theory who was spending too much time at the photocopying machine. At the Engineering Library of the University of Cincinnati agents inquired about the borrowing habits of a Russian scholar because, although he was studying mining engineering at home, in Ohio he sought material on robotics. Alexander Rolich, a Soviet and East European bibliographer at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Memorial Library, reported this vignette of the F.B.I. in action: Two agents watched a Soviet scholar, whose specialty was the Chinese economy, while he took a break to read *Pravda*. Then, Rolich said, "There were two more people by the library elevator and they were wearing raincoats and boots and it wasn't raining. A couple of days later, the F.B.I. called to say this Soviet scholar had been identified by a defector as having been present at a meeting with the K.G.B. They wanted to know if the newspaper he was reading looked funny, or like it had been marked up."

Other agents were vague in their requests. At the Brooklyn Public Library's science and industry division, a polite young agent flashed his badge and asked a librarian, who refused to be quoted by name, "to look out for suspicious-looking people who wanted to overthrow the government. I told him we don't have any secret documents here."

Asked how librarians were supposed to recognize suspicious-looking people, the F.B.I.'s Schnitzer told me, "You know when you see them. Someone who is looking for students, for instance. We're asking librarians to report this. If you spot it, tell us, and we'll take it from there."

At New York University's Courant Institute of Mathematical Sciences, the F.B.I. asked to monitor photocopying and data base usage. "Two or three months later," according to N.Y.U.'s head librarian, Nancy Gubman, "I received a phone call from another F.B.I. agent who stated that he was following up on 'you know what.'" At Columbia University's Mathematics and Science Library, the F.B.I. tried its approach-a-clerk routine, but a librarian overheard the conversation, interrupted it and told the agents—two young women in their late 20s—to leave. The librarian, Paula Kaufman, who is also acting vice president for information services, said, "The agents . . . did not press me." In 1982, however, according to a source, the F.B.I. "coerced" a student Engineering Library employee to inform for them over a period of "many months." After graduation, the student confessed his activities and was amazed when told that the university could have taken legal action to protect him from the F.B.I.'s threats.

Although the *New York Times* story last September suggested that the New York Public Library had not been approached, and a Bureau official recently confirmed this, that is not the case. In the spring of 1987 agents asked the economics and public affairs division at the Forty-second Street branch about a specific person. According to Paul Fasana, director of research libraries, the agents returned in November and inquired about two staff members who no longer worked for the library. They were not given any information. The agents told Fasana that the Library Awareness Program "has been misrepresented." On November 24, a lone agent spoke to top library officials, who again refused to cooperate.

One New York library official told me about a more shocking encounter, on the condition that names and locale be concealed. Two Hispanic agents went to the home of a library employee on a Saturday afternoon to inquire about some documents—"not subversive"—that had been recently donated to the facility by the Cuban mission to the United Nations. The agents referred to telephone conversations and photographs, leading the employee to believe that a phone tap and a hidden camera had been used. (The library later determined that there had indeed been a tap.) When he became flustered and started speaking in Spanish, the agents refused to acknowledge that they understood him. The visit

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lasted for forty minutes, and the employee immediately reported it to a senior policy group at the library. According to a member of this group, "The F.B.I. was told not to contact anyone, and they went ahead and did it anyway. They are escalating this awareness thing." On March 2 the head of the library met with James Fox of the F.B.I.'s New York office. A library official said of this meeting, "Its purpose was to say we felt we were being harassed. Mr. Fox was terribly charming and said we had to understand what the F.B.I. is charged by Congress to do."

Despite the widespread resistance to the Library Awareness Program among librarians, the F.B.I. claims that some institutions are secretly participating. "Librarians can't admit they're cooperating with us, due to the program's controversial and confidential nature," the Bureau told me. "Plus there's the risk of alienating people. A librarian won't say; it would make them suspect." What is more, the Bureau maintains that no less than the head of one library association is coordinating agents' visits.

Which one could it be? It is unlikely to be the New York Library Association, the American Library Association or the Association of Research Libraries, all of which have vigorously opposed the Library Awareness Program. The A.R.L. has sent its 103 U.S. members copies of the A.L.A.'s code of ethics and has kept them informed of incidents of governmental intimidation. Nor, almost certainly, is it the American Society for Information Sciences, whose executive director, Linda Resnik, told me, "I wouldn't define anything we are doing as working with the F.B.I. In fact, as temporary editor of one of the magazines we publish, I called *them* to find out about the program."

A spokesperson for the United States National Commission on Libraries and Information Science, a policy board created in 1970 to advise the President and Congress, told me that the commission had not taken a stand on the program and had seen "nothing in writing about it." However, the Bureau said that at the commission's request it provided "a nonclassified briefing" on the program on January 14.

Recently, a copy of the eighty-page transcript of this briefing (with nearly fifty classified lines blacked out) was obtained by Toby McIntosh of the Bureau of National Affairs. The commissioners were told, among other things, that the Russians have recruited professional librarians and "think it's better to recruit two librarians . . . [than] three engineers." Jerald Newman, head of the commission, defended the program and said "the real problem . . . is the Intellectual Freedom Committee" of the A.L.A. The F.B.I.'s Thomas DuHadway replied, "We're not attempting to speak to the libraries that are controlled by them." Moreover, a source informed me that just prior to this briefing the commission was told that the Bureau was working with two executives of a single library organization, one of whom was based in New York and the other in Washington.

When I asked the F.B.I. for the name of the association, I was told, "We have coordinated the program with the Specialized Libraries Association, but we can't say who we are dealing with there." There is a Special Libraries Association in Washington, but David Malinak, the director of communications, said, "It's not us." He said that the ques-

THINK TWICE BEFORE FILLING THIS OUT.

If you pick up *The Nation* now and then and have thoughts of subscribing, think it over carefully. Because a subscription may be more than you bargained for.

For one thing, it's apt to upset you on a regular basis. The facts can be hard to take. And I.F. Stone, Jefferson Morley and Stephen F. Cohen are interested in facts.

That's one reason our writers are some of the best around and they do their best writing for us.

There are other advantages to subscribing, too. Including writing on the arts of such clarity and intelligence that it alone is worth the price of a subscription.

So maybe you should fill out the coupon after all.

Just don't say we didn't warn you.

The Nation.
Subscribing to our principles isn't enough.

THE NATION, BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305

YES! I THOUGHT TWICE AND I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE. Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $15, a saving of a full 50 percent off the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a full refund for all unmailed copies.

NAME (Please print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Double my saving. Send me a full year (47 issues) for $28.
☐ My payment is enclosed—reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES!
☐ Please bill me later.

Foreign postage: add $4.50/24 issues, $9/one year. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

D814

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of participating in the Library Awareness Program had come up at a board meeting last October, but no action was taken. Malinak says he recently complained to the F.B.I., "It's going to look like us in print, and it's *not* us" but was told he could not be given any more information.

Confused, I went back to the F.B.I., which told me that the Specialized Libraries Association was actually a "generic" name. "We can't give you the real one," a spokesperson explained. "But the head of the association has endorsed the program. There's probably not an association that would say they are it. . . . They wouldn't admit it because it would be confidential. There'd be no advantage to exposing it."

Another source told me, however, that it very probably was the Special Libraries Association and that collaboration "was coordinated mostly through the New York office." The S.L.A. has no New York office, although a chapter president does live in the city. The Washington office gave me a name and number, but the person I reached was outraged and did not want to appear to be cooperating with me, the F.B.I. or anyone else. This "generic" human being said to me, "How did you get my name? I'd prefer not to comment. I am not in any official capacity. I'm not on the board. I am simply a volunteer. Don't use my name, my state, my position, or it will all border on the inaccurate."

When asked how he would feel if he learned that he had been identified as the Special Libraries Association person who was working with the F.B.I., he replied, "I prefer not to comment on the Library Awareness Program. I don't have an opinion one way or another, and I don't know how I'd feel. I'd have no reaction at all."

Was that subterfuge? Intimidation? Innocence? Guilt?

And how will the F.B.I. answer its critics? Agent X says, "They'll discontinue the program for a while. When the fire is up, you back off." The F.B.I. maintained, "It would not be wise to say we are cooling it," yet it later conceded that "maybe things should be modified." The Washington-based National Security Archive, a repository for contemporary material, has two requests for Library Awareness Program files pending under the Freedom of Information Act. The F.B.I. said it is "in process to see what, if anything, can be declassified, but we doubt that anything can be."

Since Director Sessions had told me in our interview that the program was "logical," I called to ask him if he saw a logical end to it. This was his answer:

> Our efforts to identify and neutralize the threat posed by hostile intelligence services and their agents in the U.S. must be continued as long as a threat to our national security exists. Likewise, we must continue to inform the American public, especially those in an area where intelligence contact may be attempted, of the activities of Soviet and hostile intelligence services. This is a continuing process that is essential to the national security of our country.

In short, the end is not in sight. Or, as an F.B.I. spokeswoman put it, "There's no logical end as long as there's something out there to be aware of." And for the F.B.I., there has always been "something out there." □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 482*)

press but to encourage a careful and responsible presentation of the facts in this very complicated and still obscure manner. Such a presentation, one which meets the minimal demands of professional responsibility, has yet to appear.

I also protest Wiener's insinuation that we are attempting to limit access to these texts by publishing them in their original language. Reprinting facsimiles of the original articles serves to make the complete historical record available to the public in as expeditious and undistorted a manner as possible. What kind of historian or journalist would prefer to have it otherwise?

Werner Hamacher

WIENER REPLIES

Irvine, Calif.

Paul de Man kept his youthful pro-Nazi and anti-Semitic writings a secret throughout his adult life, during which he wrote and taught about the impossibility of knowing the truth of the past. What is the relationship between de Man's secrecy about his youthful writings and his mature theory? That's one of the questions I posed in my article. Joan W. Scott says it's the wrong question. She seems to think there is no relationship and therefore nothing to discuss, and I should have asked instead about the differences between de Man and Derrida.

Scott writes about the "basic assumptions" that deconstruction questions; she's referring here to the deconstructionists' attack on theories that "assume the unity of the human subject." I plead guilty to sharing that assumption: The de Man who was keeping his youthful anti-Semitic writings a secret is the same person who wrote that "it is always possible" to "excuse any guilt," because "the experience always exists simultaneously as fictional discourse and as empirical event." If Scott has a different understanding of de Man's work, based on a radical version of deconstruction, she ought to explain what it is.

I welcome Juliet Flower MacCannell's clarification of her position on Julia Kristeva. Cynthia Chase is confident that the mature de Man wasn't anti-Semitic. There is a lot of evidence that she is right: Some of his best friends were Jewish. Chase interprets his enthusiasm for Kristeva as evidence that he wanted to warn people against the anti-Semitism he had expressed as a young critic. But de Man never said that. The fact is that Kristeva is a difficult writer and that her chapters on Céline's anti-Semitism have been interpreted differently by different people. For Chase, they are "critical reflections on the condition of anti-Semitism"; for MacCannell, they "may not provide adequate safeguards against the potential for the reader to identify with the Fascist mind." It's impossible to know why de Man found Kristeva's book "indispensable," because he kept his views of his own past anti-Semitism a secret. If he had not kept that secret, we would not be searching for clues in the jacket blurbs he wrote for a book dealing with Céline's anti-Semitism.

The important question about de Man, however, is not what he thought about Jews; the question concerns the relationship between his secrecy about his past and his literary theory. Chase thinks de Man's theory provides an "instrument" for understanding anti-Semitism and Fascism. I think a theory that denies the possibility of knowing the truth about the past poses an obstacle to understanding it.

I called Werner Hamacher to ask about a letter I had been told he received about de Man's relationship to the Resistance. My notes on what he told me are as follows: "I don't think I can be of any help to you. I'm not really convinced that this story or case or affair is really investigated enough at this point. I don't think this is a matter for journalists and newspapers. Thank you for your call." Then he hung up on me. *Jon Wiener*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

An American Scrapbook

BRENDAN LEMON

THE BEAUTIFUL ROOM IS EMPTY. *By Edmund White. Alfred A. Knopf. 228 pp. $17.95.*

It was inevitable that the 1960s revival would produce a retrospective novel about gay life in New York City. Less fated, and more welcome, is that the task was assumed by an artist as gifted as Edmund White. *The Beautiful Room Is Empty* (the title comes from one of Franz Kafka's letters to Milena Jesenská) interweaves public and private events, and even more than its predecessor, *A Boy's Own Story*, encourages speculation that the author is offering us not just an autobiographical novel but a memoir *tout court*.

The unnamed narrator lifts facts from White's own dossier: year of birth (1940), Midwestern childhood, University of Michigan education, literary métier, current Parisian domicile and, of course, an appearance at the Stonewall riot, a badge as obligatory for an activist—and as often fudged—as attendance at Woodstock. More telling than this mere matching of facts is the author's fidelity to his master, Vladimir Nabokov, whose uncharacteristic "blurbissimo" advanced White's first novel, the icily brilliant *Forgetting Elena*, and who, in *Speak, Memory*, defined the purpose of autobiography as the tracing of thematic designs throughout a life.

Once again the main thread is the narrator's attempt "to love and be loved by men, yet remain heterosexual." It's a struggle perfectly attuned to the adolescent novel, which, since Fielding at least, has focused on the forging of identity, and it proves serviceable again here, in part because, although the book wraps itself in 1960s lore, much of its spirit remains mired in familiar familial repressions of the late 1950s. In *A Boy's Own Story*, the conflict was enacted inwardly, suffused with yearning, and flooded primarily with guilt; in *Beautiful Room*, the drama moves outward, oozes bald desire and acquires shame, a more public feature consonant with the new book's acts of furtive erotic expression.

White handles New York City street and subway cruising and collegiate lavatory sex not in the bloodless manner of the film *Prick Up Your Ears*, nor with the uninhibited glee of the spunky *Orton Diaries*, but with a mix of analysis and zeal characteristic of the author whose *Joy of Gay Sex* and *States of Desire: Travels in Gay America* remain uncanny monuments to the lost art of promiscuity and that art's classic age—the Bad Good Old Days: the 1970s. That his unbridled homoeroticism continues to provoke polite aversion in otherwise hale quarters might amuse White, for in his crisp Condé Nast journalism, and especially in his catty 1985 novel, *Caracole*, he delights in guying such exemplars of wealth, power and unyielding masculinity. This fascination continues in *Beautiful Room*. The narrator's fraternity brothers replay a weekend for each other on Monday morning, and "their reports contained no mention of feelings beyond nausea and highly localized lust ('I'm such a beaver man, just put a shaving brush to my lips when I'm asleep and I'll start munching')." Like his more patrician counterpart, Gore Vidal, White extracts gold from such base social ore most effectively when his gaze is trained on the mother lode: America.

For White's narrator, America is a world of stern fathers; the most heinous crimes are Communism, heroin addiction and homosexuality, and "talking about the self and its discontent, isolation, self-hatred, and burning ambition for sex and power" is forbidden. To escape these taboos the narrator befriends a leftist lesbian painter, Maria, the book's most vivid and exacting presence, and an ad exec/drug addict, Lou. In addition, the narrator, a nominal Buddhist who denies soul, will and self, turns to the quintessential American forum for talk: psychotherapy.

Dr. O'Reilly, *A Boy's Own Story*'s cross-addicted analyst, reappears to guide the underclassman narrator, but like a star who, after a string of flops, returns to his career-launching part, his role has become a caricature. He introduces the narrator to Annie Schroeder, a bulimic patient:

> "Those stuffy Freudians would split a gut," he said, or rather mumbled, since the pills and alcohol slurred his speech. "But Annie's a good gal, though she's got a psycho for an old man, right out of Dostoevsky, and a mother who wants to be Annie's daughter." He clapped me on the shoulder with too much force. "A fine gal, Annie, but don't think I'm jealous. I'm not the avenging father."

O'Reilly scorns the narrator's reliance on intellect; in defense, the young man's resisting fancy takes flight, pouring forth a stream of interior, Quine-like definitions. "The mind a boat at sea rebuilding itself while under sail. The mind a rotting meat under expensive spices. The mind a pure spirit (the unsuspecting wife) under the sway of a murderous will (Bluebeard)." Readers grateful for the poetic intensity of White's language may also find themselves desirous, occasionally, of a word cop to direct the traffic in metaphors.

Much later, in New York, the shrink-shopping narrator learns to check his intellect at the door. He and his lover, Sean, like couples in tawdry French novels who renounce love to don collar and veil, enroll in "games people play" groups. In his assemblage the narrator encounters a Russian immigrant named Simon, whose repartee shows off White's ear for humor in dialogue even as Simon's relentless refrain ("I wanna hear about de goils") drives the young man to violence, thus ending the self-hating heterosexual quest.

Gays going straight is not the discarded literary theme of a decade ago; AIDS-related repression and attendant autohomophobia have restored its aptness as a subject. White takes advantage of the shifting cultural wind: Like Maria's favorite opera, *Der Rosenkavalier*, he enrolls a bygone age—the 1960s—in his pursuit of commentary on more recent events. (He has composed three more overt tales about the AIDS era, collected, with several by Adam Mars-Jones, in *The Darker Proof*.) In *Beautiful Room*, White gets at the roots of modern gay self-loathing and its imperative: One must ingratiate oneself to society and its institutions, as well as to coworkers, family, even friends. With his boyfriend Sean, for example, as with the teen-age buddy Kevin in *A Boy's Own Story*, the narrator disavows what he has felt and experienced:

> One night as we were lying in bed, Sean said that that afternoon he had used a public toilet and walked in on an orgy.
>
> "Oh, how awful," I said.
>
> "What are they doing there?" he asked.

Brendan Lemon is on the staff of The New Yorker.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What do you mean?"

"Of course I know they're there for sex, but how can they do it? It's really subhuman."

"Totally subhuman," I said.

The incongruence between inner avowal and public expression, of course, is the classic symptom of the Trilling syndrome: insincerity. White cleverly builds upon this quality in the Art of Fiction passages laced into the text. The clearest clue to his affect, however, may be contained at the end of Kafka's title-bestowing missive: "And don't demand any sincerity from me, Milena. No one can demand it from me more than I myself and yet many things elude me, I'm sure, perhaps everything eludes me."

Insincerity dogs almost all of *Beautiful Room*'s characters eventually: William Everett Hunton, the prissy collegiate pal whose counterfeit sexual posing is matched by his fake name ("Some day when we're sisters I'll tell you my real name, but if you snitch on me I'll pull your braids and dip them in the inkwell"); the narrator's sister, who *contra natura* marries and settles in the suburbs before coming out, which convinces the narrator that "something—genetic or psychological—in our family . . . had made us both gay"; their mother, who frowns on her son's behavior and announces "I like *men*," even as she grows more intimate with Maria. Maria, full of socialism, good sense and a University of Chicago–trained intellect, recants her pro-Moscow line and utters anachronistic slogans about the feminization of poverty.

If no character is endowed with what John Updike called "persuasive inertia," the quality that causes figures to linger long in the mind after the book is shut, it doesn't matter. White's sad, stylish prose, his tonic mix of elegy and irony, the page-by-page proof that he is one of our most perceptive prose writers, overwhelms any serious caviling. What's more, the idea that to respond to a novel we must "care" about its characters is hardly worth refuting. (As if we had always to *like* what we respect or admire or love.) And in a work this close to memoir, especially one which fulfills so beautifully its thematic premise, to ask for a well-wrought plot would amount to impertinence: "My plots are all scrapbooks," the author avers parenthetically.

And yet White's novel/memoir would be more satisfying, I think, had it "wrapped" less abruptly, at Stonewall. The narrator's *prise de conscience* has been inadequately prepared; the 1960s' second half, to most the more interesting years, are dispensed with in a few pages. And the remark dropped into the middle of the final scene, "I caught myself foolishly imagining that gays might someday constitute a community rather than a diagnosis," while thematically sharp, confers an awkward *roman à thèse* status on the entire enterprise. Perhaps the author wanted a way out, from community back to diagnosis, when he brings the story to the present. Perhaps community was too enticing a notion to leave out of his 1960s saga.

I may be alone in thinking the ending's exhilarations a diminishment of the power and beauty of what had gone before. Or it may be that under the current ravaged social and economic circumstances, few readers could greet liberation with the sound of more than one hand clapping. □

The Beat and the Bawdy

JOAN DAYAN

X/SELF. *By Edward Kamau Brathwaite. Oxford University Press. 131 pp. $9.95.*

In 1982 Morris Cargill, a white Jamaican, writing in Jamaica's largest newspaper, the *Daily Gleaner*, condemned what he called "the tastelessness and idiocy of the current pop and Reggae 'culture'":

> That the mass of people have vulgar and uneducated tastes is nothing new. What is new is that we are forced into approval of it. . . . We are in effect told that Yellow Man is a superior artist to Beethoven, and that almost any horrid noise made by some group of unattractive louts is our "cultural heritage."

Cargill called upon Jamaicans to "take heart and speak up, and not allow themselves to be overrun by the barbarians."

What happens when an "educated" poet of the West Indies chooses to write for and with the "masses," to reclaim a history and a heritage based not on the monumental, colonial myth but on the realities of racism and class oppression? Edward Kamau Brathwaite, a respected historian and critic, editor of *Bim*, one of the earliest and most important literary magazines in the West Indies, and of *Savacou*, a journal of the Caribbean Artists' Movement, which he founded in 1966, became a source of embarrassment and discomfort to his academic colleagues with the publication of *Rites of Passage* in 1967. In the first book in what would become his moving trilogy of the black diaspora, *The Arrivants*, Brathwaite turned to those voices long neglected by Eurocentric scholarship, the disenfranchised and silenced in urban ghetto and countryside.

One Jamaican poet and critic responded to the presence in *Rites of Passage* of the jiving "spade," "fuck-in' negro" and "Brother Man the Rasta" with the taunt, "Niggers, niggers, everywhere." Another reviewer, perhaps disconcerted by the rhythms of blues and jazz, gospel, work song and dialect, more prudently relegated certain passages to the less demanding (and implicitly mindless) status of oral performance pieces: "Sections which on close scrutiny seem to grow only more unrewarding and 'gimmicky' would come into their own in the onward, unreflective press of speaking."

Since that time, in spite of the ambivalent responses of the Caribbean literary establishment, Brathwaite has continued to write a poetry that engages in social history, in voices other than poetic. With its cultural urgency and desire to build from the ground up, literally forging a national language out of the common voice, his poetry is unique for committing itself to West Indian reality and to the often submerged origins of that reality. Throughout this poetry of reconnection, Brathwaite labors to see the journey from Africa to the New World not only as "a traumatic, destructive experience, separating the black from Africa, disconnecting their sense of history and tradition, but a pathway or channel between this tradition and what is being evolved, on new soil, in the Caribbean." His struggle to give voice to "the drum, the beat, and the bawdy," to base his work in an "alternative" or "folk" tradition that remains for him the surest trace of history, redefines and broadens the bounds of what we deem "poetic."

Black & Blues (1976), his bitter response to the end of the Black Power movement in America and its collapse in the Caribbean, won the Casas de las Americas Prize, and his recent *X/Self*

Joan Dayan is currently writing a book on history and poetic language in the Caribbean. She is the author of Fables of Mind: An Inquiry Into Poe's Fiction *(Oxford University Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been awarded the British Commonwealth Award. Brathwaite may well be the most original poet now writing in English. He has not, however, been claimed or praised by Anglo-American academic critics, a fate, it seems, reserved for Derek Walcott, the other major epic voice in the Caribbean. And yet, the opposition between Walcott and Brathwaite, constructed primarily by Caribbean critics, is more apparent than real.

To pit Walcott against Brathwaite, the visionary "noble rider" against the earthbound historian of the "local," is to diminish and marginalize the particularity of the Caribbean experience. Any reductive Prospero/Caliban opposition ignores a reciprocal and fertile dialogue (uniquely Caribbean in its materials and inspiration) in the name of something called "universality." When critics compare Walcott with Lowell, Auden or Stevens, and completely ignore his reaction to, and dialogue with Brathwaite, they obscure the evolution of national expression. As the discerning Jamaican critic Sylvia Wynter wrote, "the dilemma of being either West Indian or European is a false one. To be a West Indian is to accept all the facets of one's being."

Brathwaite and Walcott discussed their poetry for the first time together in a colloquy at Yale University this February. Though the quality of language in their poetry differs, both poets attempt to reimagine a history. In the composite world of the West Indies, where Coca-Cola and transplanted African gods coexist, the "drum and trumpet" history of empire is subsumed in a new kind of writing that might well be the ground for a new myth. In between any New World/Old World antagonism stands Brathwaite's "computer conjur man" or Walcott's very down-to-earth, fast-talking Odysseus, his "Shabine," who summons and is transformed by the memory of the footloose, golden Caribs.

X/Self is the unsettling, final book of another trilogy, which includes the "calm histories" of *Mother Poem* (1977) and *Sun Poem* (1982). While *The Arrivants* deals with transmigration, a movement from Africa to New York or England and back to the West Indies, Brathwaite's second trilogy focuses on a "landscape of emergence," a place the gods might once again inhabit. *Mother Poem* is a tribute to his native land, the coral and limestone island of Barbados. The poet listens for the "ancient watercourses," the "echo of river, trickle, worn stone/the sunken voice." And out of a "cracked fragmented landscape," of "bricks and cement blocks," he miraculously gains a voice: "the stone wrinkled, cracked and gave birth to water." It is not so much naming but remembering that matters, the effort to recall what has been unnamed, submerged and violated. In *Sun Poem*, the son of the woman/island Barbados journeys to the rough, northeastern part of the island. Here, in the most compelling passage of the poem, he sees Legba: Once the Dahomean god of procreative energy, the New World "Legba-of-the-Old-Bones," the Haitian god of the crossroads, is now suffering and broken. Going beyond mere nostalgia for a phantom Africa, Brathwaite brings the god to life on Cattlewash beach, where he howls, rages and falls to his death:

> And when his raving was done he had stood on a cliff called hackletons cliff and gazing full at the sun that was beating tormenting drums in his head he had raised his head in a shout . . . and his cry grew greater as the pain of the world grew black for him and he staggered and fell slipped staggered and fell down hackletons cliff down past the few bent coconut trees.

Brathwaite's search for "the lineaments of Legba" in the Americas becomes a terrible rite of passage to Guinea, the legendary home of the gods, and it marks the poet's turn to his own lost history and identity: "Turning my face down/wards to my approaching past."

In *X/Self* Brathwaite can no longer present the Akan mysteries, the beat of the *atumpan* ("talking drums"), the African icons given voice in his early *Masks* (1968). Now those things are broken against the sound waves of CNN broadcasts. Speaking as prophet, *houngan*, DJ, father and son, Brathwaite turns on his own language; and that language of return and renovation is made out of what others might judge as shards and remnants. He risks a lot by refusing to eliminate (or purify his text of) those odds and ends, the tokens of conflicting histories that deter, fragment and exhaust. This cleansing, this latest "sunsong," has nothing to do with Judeo-Christian ideals of hierarchy or privilege. It cannot afford to encase the teachings of Walcott's "absent masters" in the beauties of verse. For this long road to Guinea leads not to whiteness but "towards/young Caliban howling for his tongue/ . . . towards/ red tacky bleeding in the west."

Even in the final, exuberant "Xango," Brathwaite speaks unashamedly for and

HYPOCRISY: AMERICA'S LEADING EXPORT

Under the cover of "making the world safe for democracy", the U.S. has countless Military interventions and covert operations directed at destabilizing sovereign nations and popularly supported governments. Washington, D.C.'s rhetoric about democratic rights is twice over a fraud. Its global exploits have more to do with propping up multinational corporate interests than with the export of democracy. And the U.S. record on democracy at home is abysmal.

The U.S. is ranked near the bottom of some 75 world-wide electoral democracies in voter participation. A maze of legislation and regulations restricts voter registration and impedes access to the ballot for insurgents and independents. A steady erosion of the fairness doctrine has led to monopolization of the media by heavily funded major party candidates. And genuine public debate on critical social and foreign policy issues is stifled by the lack of democratic process.

On the 200th anniversary of the ratification of the Constitution, American democracy is more than ever recognized as a myth. But there is something you can do to make it a reality. You can support the fastest growing grassroots citizens lobby in the country — the **Rainbow Lobby** — which is developing a portfolio of legislation and issues to guarantee the civil and democratic rights of all Americans.

To join the **Rainbow Lobby**, fill out the coupon below and send it with a contribution of $25, $50, $100 or more. Your contribution can really make a difference. **Volunteers also needed.**

THE RAINBOW LOBBY, INC.
236 Massachusetts Avenue, N.E., Rm. 409
Washington, D.C. 20002
(202) 543-8324

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone (_____) _____

Enclosed is my contribution of $_____

Yes, I am interested in volunteering _____

The Rainbow Lobby, Inc. is an independent lobby, not affiliated with the Rainbow Coalition, Inc. N 4.9

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with an unprivileged majority. His song is rooted in popular experience and serves popular needs. Here, he recalls the early language experiments of his first epic poem, ***Rites of Passage***. After wandering from Rome through the remnants of Old and New World civilizations in ***X/Self***, Brathwaite returns to the "blue note" of the trumpeter/poet:

> after so many twists
> after so many journeys
> after so many changes
> bop hard bop soul bop funk
> new thing marley soul rock skank
> *bunk johnson is ridin again*

The legendary New Orleans jazz trumpeter is the god of thunder and lightning, Shango, and Brathwaite brings the African past into the presence of a sound that can "shatter outwards to your light and calm and history/your thunder has come home."

X/Self is a vexed poem, fragmentary and uneven. Courting his own failure ("&/a fine/a cyaan get nutten/write/a cyaan get nutten really/rite"), Brathwaite bluntly disavows the role of poet as the "antennae of the race" or "legislator of mankind." Unlike Walcott, or his own self-image in ***Sun Poem***, he cannot be Adam, blessed and elated, as Walcott writes, by "Adam's task of giving things their names." For Brathwaite's ***X/Self*** turns out to be more than the Caribbean self unselved: "you make of me mysteries foundationless histories/child drake athlete moor." Its title recalls a crucial scene in Aimé Césaire's ***Une Tempête*** (1969), his remarkable adaptation of Shakespeare's ***Tempest*** for a "black theater." The play turns upon Caliban's interrogation of history, his call for origins and demand for remembrance. Césaire gives Caliban the power to choose another name; he announces, "I will no longer be Caliban." How about Cannibal, jokes Prospero, restoring the name to its origin. Or Hannibal, "They all love historic names!" Caliban chooses X for his missing past: "Every time you call me I am reminded that you've stolen everything from me: even my identity!" Caliban's problem with naming Brathwaite applies to his title as well: "Why a callin it/X?/a doan writely/know."

In a profound reassessment of the meaning of history, Brathwaite fixes ***X/Self*** somewhat uncomfortably in between opposing worlds: Mount Blanc/Europe confronts Kilimanjaro/Africa, as Ogoun/Caliban fights against and within Western history. He tells the stories of those peoples oppressed and confounded since the breakup of the Roman Empire and the beginning of Western European civilization. The poem's language, sometimes verging on incoherence, articulates the pathos of the two-way linguistic inheritance of the West Indies: the givens of an alien, dominant lexicon (the imported, educated ***langue de culture***) and the remnants of African usages still existing in the islands. Here is Brathwaite in ***X/Self***, thinking about how to begin, how to get into the "language thing":

> & what is de bess weh to seh so/so
> it doan sounn like
>
> brigg
> flatts nor hervokitz
>
> nor de pisan cantos nor de souf sea
> bible

This rough dream of beginnings is asked in the letter X/Self writes to his "mamma." Punctuated with stops and starts, marred by misspellings and grammatical blunders, the letter is beat out on a new computer. Caliban's retaliatory curse, his project of turning the gift of language against his master, turns out to be nothing more than the wiles of the computer cursor: "for not one a we should responsible if prospero get curse/wid im own/curser."

The labor of poetry remains as hard a task for Brathwaite, given neocolonial impositions that slowly erode the ***nyam***—life force, food, gut or word—of indigenous local cultures, as slaving in the cane fields, working someone else's land, reading someone else's history. Living in Kingston, and teaching at the University of the West Indies, Brathwaite witnesses the Jamaica of Edward Seaga and Ronald Reagan while never allowing us to forget the promise of the Manley years. In "Mai Village" Brathwaite looks back to a revolutionary time (1968-1976) in Jamaica, feared by "the master gunners in the sweating three piece suits," and now lost:

> there was a fear
> for a time that marcus malcolm martin
> & mahatma one of the sooth
> say/ers from among the youth might
> have boiled
> over boys will be boils they say
>
> but they chew gum sitting on the wall
> in sunshine or in sha. a. dow
> steer clear of politricks letting the future pray
> unto itself with garbage

Brathwaite makes us respond to this time of quiet unselving, of de-historicizing, where history—or any attempt to retrieve a history—is buried under a pile-up of recycled images, media hype and satellite dishes, "micro/maniacs and preachers harps." The question he asks again and again—is this a time of recognition?—staggers in a world of voices where recognition has lost meaning. In this poem even disavowal fails.

Confronting the realities of recolonization, Brathwaite sees a new Middle Passage (the slaves journey from Africa to America), devised by the tempting importations coming to the islands from the north: "how dangerous were the generosities wrapped up in cellophane." The Amerindian past bucks up against TV, word processor and dinette set. Tourism becomes the link between the early conquistadors and the new colonizers: "there will be/buildings rushing upwards on a scream of sand." Brathwaite's effort is no false nostalgia or rant but an attempt to confront the West Indian embarrassment about their past, their choosing to forget slavery and to revel instead in the acquisitions of "civilization." A dramatic attack on the elites, whom Césaire once described as the most powerful allies of the neocolonialist, Brathwaite's poem alternately accommodates and defies the antagonistic forces identified primarily as the savants,

The Graduate Faculty

Ira Katznelson
Nathan Kogan
Sonia Kruks

For *everyone* in The Graduate Faculty, *A through Z*, write or call for a Bulletin: Graduate Faculty, New School for Social Research, 65 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10003
(212) 741-5710

DEFEND POLITICAL PRISONERS IN SOUTH AFRICA

The International Defense and Aid Fund for Southern Africa
- has provided legal defense for political prisoners and aid for their families since 1952
- is supported by the UN Trust Fund

The need is desperate—please help.
Send your tax-deductible donations to:
IDAFSA, Dept. A., P.O. Box 17
Cambridge, MA 02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mercantilists, politicians and clergy.

Brathwaite's personal experiences, growing up in Barbados and reading Caesar's *Gallic Wars* in his uncle's library, lead to this surreal tour through civilizations and conquests. Caesar's *Gallic Wars* seen through a child's eyes and war reprocessed as the transmission of language in *Kennedy's Latin Primer* confront the mud, memory and breath of "the flare of drum," "swahili laughter," "the sunlights and sunrise of the east." Although much in the poem might first appear as nothing more than the stereotype of an oppression, with condemnations as pernicious in their extremes as any idealized sentiment can be, Brathwaite maintains a tension between things and times in whatever site he chooses. He makes sure that the opposition between Caliban's push and Prospero's rigidity is no easy antithesis but a mutual infiltration: "rome burns/ and our slavery begins"; "chad sinks/ and forest trees crash down"; "in the alps . . . glacier of god/chads opposite . . . as it rises/chad sinks"; "far out across the lake of galilee/the aztecs wheel around their painted whips."

Brathwaite moves through breakdown to something like clarity, from "rome burns/and our slavery begins/herod herodotus the tablets of moses are broken" to the tentative glories of "Sunsong" and "Xango." Yet most of the poetry records a disintegration unalleviated by any saving landscape or envisioned harmony. *X/Self* most often reads as if the poet were composing frantically at the edge of an apocalypse of consumption: "we have been visited by goddesses and loan sharks from across the/water." And in words recalling the "contra naturam" of Pound's Usura Canto:

> there will be
> no more sonny rollins . . . there will be
> no more magic lanthorn lilies
>
> no fra angelico annunciations
>
> no herb nor obi bush nor blue nor
> susumba no canefield doctor in
> the back dam
>
> glow
>
> no lla lla llaaa illllalla and malcolm is
> his profit

Both reticent and wild, the language of *X/Self* takes on the meaning of writing and living in conditions of terror and violence, in the daily reminder that "independence" is a mere word. The poem asks us to think about how words *mean* at all in a language that historically blinds, manipulates and deadens. Brathwaite utters the now empty jargon, the sad fact of the worn-out phrase, "an you young and gifted": "i just can't get/up stand/up stand/up for i rights bob," before he finally gains a voice, the "hail," "huh," "hah" of his final hymn to Africa, "Xango." The poem thus redefines the epic for the Caribbean—and its medium of "bone and riddim" is not a poetry of transcendence. It would not be appreciated by Joseph Brodsky, who limits Walcott's tentative and multivoiced efforts to a "supreme version" of language—a "language . . . greater than its masters or its servants." Brathwaite's epic tells the story of the colonizing of minds, the costuming of souls, "the guile of velvet and the plumes of pride."

If there is any victory celebrated in *X/Self*, it is no easy synthesis but a jangling, cavorting Jamaican/African, New World/Old World embrace, the grip of the "computer conjur man." After journeying through Charlemagne's France, Henri Christophe's Haiti, T.S. Eliot's London, Reagan's America and Botha's South Africa, Brathwaite offers us a composite triumph. The triumph lies in repeating words partly remembered from Césaire's *Cahier d'un retour au pays natal* ("Notebook of a Return to the Native Land"): "i would leave dross/i would still say with cesaire. spark/i would say. storm. olodumare's conflagration/i would speak sperm. and twinkle." Strength returns in the annunciation of the Rasta "bongo man," the rebel who revolts by changing the uses of the Hausa word "bungu," which in Jamaica had come to mean not only "crude, ugly, or loutish" but "black-and-ugly": "*bongo man a come/ bongo man a come/bruggadung/ bruggadung/* . . . and we rise/ . . . rising/rising/burning/soon."

Brathwaite's remembering of history in this remarkable sequence of poems demands a breakdown of the word and the fragmentation of identity. Whose word, how to say it, how to know it? The word imposed, the word in histories that kills, the word that will not come, broken, stuttered, regained.

> who dat speaking
> I is who
> I-self
>
> I was trying to say what my name

A moving response and sequel to Walcott's perpetuation of Adam's task. □

"How to tell you how much YS means to me? Not hard at all. I just tell you how breathlessly I await each copy, how enthusiastically I tell my friends about it, how quickly I devour the contents. I have thoroughly enjoyed each copy since its first appearance in my mailbox . . . I thank you for sending YS to me so I can resubscribe to not only your magazine but to your philosophy of the erotic."

JOYCE WOODY
Lincoln Park MI

Yellow Silk
Journal of Erotic Arts

"All persuasions; no brutality."

W.S. Merwin • Ntozake Shange • Susan Griffin • Robert Silverberg • Mayumi Oda Jean Genet • Tee Corinne • Pierre Louys Gary Soto • Judy Dater • Marge Piercy Jessica Hagedorn • William Kotzwinkle Eric Gill • Marilyn Hacker • Ivan Argüelles Charlotte Mendez • Octavio Paz

YS, P.O. Box 6374, Albany CA 94706
$20/year • Quarterly

NAME

ADDRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dangerous Home

ELSA DIXLER

HEROES OF THEIR OWN LIVES: The Politics and History of Family Violence, Boston 1880–1960. *By Linda Gordon. Viking. 383 pp. $24.95.*

The picture stays with you—the sad face of the disheveled girl slumped at her first-grade desk. Then there is the other picture—the woman with the puffy eyes and broken nose, as dazed as any defeated boxer. How shocking to learn that the woman is educated, an editor, that she lives on one of the prettiest streets in the city. You are looking at these pictures because the girl is dead, her adoptive father, the woman's lover, charged with beating her into a coma. How can you make sense of these events?

During the past twenty-five years, clinicians and scholars, many inspired and informed by the women's movement, have turned their attention to child abuse, wife-beating and incest—problems that were nearly invisible during the family-worshiping 1950s. In *Heroes of Their Own Lives: The Politics and History of Family Violence, Boston 1880–1960*, historian Linda Gordon points out that many commentators write as if family violence was a new development. The result is a tendency to focus on the well-publicized cases like the apparent beating death in New York City of 6-year-old Lisa Steinberg, and a search for causes in the real or imagined failures of contemporary society. Both prepare us to be shocked, but not to think clearly and usefully about how to respond.

Gordon finds perspective in the history of family violence. She studied the records of three Boston social service agencies—the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children (M.S.P.C.C.), the Boston Children's Service Association and the Judge Baker Guidance Center—for the years 1880 to 1960. (The Baker Center did not open until 1917.) Although she, like other current analysts, can only describe cases that were reported and has no way of knowing how many (or what kind) were not, her data suggest that child abuse, incest and wife-beating were as common a hundred years ago as they are today. The number of incidents did not decline, but changing definitions of and responses to family violence allowed the matter to drop from sight.

Starting in the 1870s, charity workers "discovered" what they called cruelty to children, which included, but was not limited to, child abuse. The first child-savers were white, Protestant and often of the upper class; most of their clients were poor Catholic immigrants. Cruelty to children, as the child-savers saw it, was caused by ignorant immigrant men and fueled by drink. Although this approach had obvious limitations, it did, as Gordon points out, have a feminist component. Despite its moralism and hostility to immigrants, the temperance movement was in part a protest against men's failure to support their families and their violence toward their wives and children. (Settlement workers, more political in their feminism, had a fuller understanding of immigrant culture and an analysis of family problems as a response to social ones.)

By the 1920s, socialism and feminism were on the wane and social work was becoming professionalized. The trained workers who replaced the child-savers saw the social environment, rather than flawed character or drink, as the cause of bad parenting. For them, the quintessential crime against children was neglect, not abuse, and the most likely perpetrator was no longer the drunken father but the incompetent immigrant mother. The onset of the Depression intensified this view; agency workers tried to strengthen and defend troubled families by securing economic aid for them. Their deepest sympathies were with unemployed fathers, and they downplayed male violence.

By the 1940s, under the influence of Freud's interpreters, social workers focused on psychological rather than social explanations of family problems. They typically blamed family violence on the mother, whose nagging or failure to accept the feminine role evoked the father's violence against her or her children. This view was radically revised by the feminist movement of the late 1960s and 1970s. Once again the stress is on social rather than psychological factors in family violence: men are seen as the guilty parties and there is a determined effort not to "blame the victim"—i.e., women.

The treatment of incest provides the best illustration of Gordon's thesis. Gordon found descriptions of cases of incest in the records of the M.S.P.C.C. as early as the 1890s. By the 1920s, however, the society's emphasis changed. It concerned itself with promiscuous girls (although many of them, then as now, had probably taken to the streets to escape an incestuous father). The streets replaced the home as the dangerous place, and strangers, not fathers, were to be feared. The girls' troubled and troubling behavior was seen as their own fault—and, of course, that of their neglectful mothers. By the 1930s, Gordon found, social workers were much less likely to investigate girls' accusations of sexual abuse by their fathers. By the 1950s, they contemptuously dismissed such claims as fantasies and lies, insisting that father-daughter incest almost never occurred. The "discovery" of incest in the 1970s was in part a recovery of what had been known a hundred years earlier.

Gordon's second major argument is contained in her title, taken from *David Copperfield*. She was struck by how many of the women and children described in agency files had actively sought help. Far from being passive victims, they had encouraged agency intervention.

This observation calls into question two distinct theories. One is the view of some historians, and others on the left, that the so-called helping professions and institutions imposed their will on poor clients in order to promote social control. As Gordon reveals, the child-protection agencies had a definite ideology and agenda. Their vision of the ideal family—breadwinning father, mother at home, children in school—sometimes brought them into conflict with immigrant families, which required women's and children's salaries to survive. In addition, social workers often confused lack of resources with neglect; some parents could not provide adequate shelter and clothing because they were poor, not because they were irresponsible. Nevertheless, Gordon shows case after case of women turning to the agencies to solicit protection and assistance so that they could live on their own terms, and sometimes achieving that.

Gordon also opposes the view, found in some feminist analyses of family violence, of "the total, undifferentiated, and predictable tyranny of men and the helplessness of women." Her study, she avers, shows that "we need concepts of male supremacy that can explain the power that women have managed to exert, the more impressive because emanating from such disadvantaged positions. . . . Without such flexible con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cepts, feminist theory is vulnerable to arguments that cite instances of women's power as evidence that sexism does not exist." Here, as in her major argument, Gordon insists on a historical perspective: Patriarchy is not universal and unchanging but a specific family form, and only one manifestation of male power.

What can *Heroes of Their Own Lives* tell us about the present? Among other things, it assures us that family violence is not new. And it encourages us to be suspicious, if we are not already, of those who locate the primary threat to children in day-care centers rather than at home. The vision of the dangerous world and the safe home, Gordon shows us, was first articulated in the 1920s as part of a backlash against feminism; it is one still.

Gordon also demonstrates that refraining from blaming the victim does not mean accepting a view that men are inevitably violent and women correspondingly passive. Feminists, Gordon notes, have focused on wife beating and incest, crimes committed exclusively by men against women, rather than on child abuse—engaged in by men and women in equal numbers. (However, mothers spend much more time with children.) There is at this time no real feminist analysis of women's abuse of children.

Finally, Gordon eloquently insists that a feminist analysis is crucial in understanding and responding to family violence. She understands family violence as resulting from male dominance and female submission. That is what makes it possible for some men to beat their wives or have sex with their daughters—and what often makes it so difficult for women to leave them. Unfortunately, Gordon's historical evidence does not tell us any more than modern accounts about which men are violent, and why.

Does this help us to make any sense of the two photographs, the sad first-grader and the swollen-eyed woman? Yes and no. Gordon warns against focusing on sensational cases, and the case of Hedda Nussbaum and Joel and Lisa Steinberg seems sensationally sensational. Because the case has not yet gone to trial, we don't know many of the facts. Still, it seems unusual, and not only because of the degree of violence involved. Although there is no shortage of family violence in the middle class, it rarely becomes public. Agencies concern themselves with the powerless, as they did at the time studied by Gordon. The police who came to investigate the terrible noises coming out of the Nussbaum-Steinberg apartment, and the school authorities who questioned Nussbaum about Lisa's bruises, readily accepted excuses that they might have questioned had those been presented by poor or black parents. If Joel Steinberg had not (as it now appears) finally killed Lisa, the secret might have been kept forever.

Many battered women find it difficult to leave abusive husbands because they cannot support themselves and their children either on welfare or on the wages available to women. In a city like New York, it is almost impossible to find an inexpensive apartment or affordable child care. Yet Nussbaum did not need to depend on Steinberg economically; she had a profession, family and friends. Her passivity and lack of self-esteem seem to come from a darker place than the gender-based economy or even the damage inflicted by years of beating. One place might be drugs; perhaps, like many junkies, Nussbaum could care only for her supplier. Here, too, the situation was unusual.

If we take Gordon's message to heart, we will not dwell on the Nussbaum-Steinberg case. We should turn our attention, rather, to the far larger number of women who struggle to free themselves and their children from abuse. In New York City, for example, there are more than 300,000 calls to the police emergency 911 number in cases of domestic violence each year. Yet there are only 400 beds for battered women and their children in city shelters. Because of the way most shelters are funded, they are available only to women on welfare, not to working women. And women can stay in shelters only three months out of every year; if they cannot find an apartment in that time, they must move to a welfare hotel, or return to their husbands. It is not surprising that many choose the latter.

Neither the police nor the court system really protects battered women. Although police performance has improved in recent years, officers still prefer not to intervene in cases of domestic violence. They remain far too likely to walk an abusive husband around the block and then leave him to attack his wife again. Many women go to great trouble to obtain a court order of protection, but the orders are rarely enforced. Karen Straw had obtained such an order when her husband raped her at knifepoint, in Queens in December 1986.

Twentieth Century Women

Poems by Arthur Vogelsang

"Arthur Vogelsang's concerns are completely the concerns of our time. He speaks to us in a language that is our language and he speaks like no-one else. . . . His poems are terrifying reconsiderations of our most precious dreams and fears. He is opinionated, helpful, wise, loving, sad, and extremely funny. He is a gorgeous writer"—Gerald Stern. $13.95 cloth; $6.95 paper

The Gaza of Winter

Poems by Donald Revell

"Donald Revell seems to me a major new voice in American poetry. Again and again I was surprised by the calm ease of his effortlessly propelled lines which always took me to unexpected places even when they sounded most reassuring and familiar. He wears his transparent style modestly, yet it kept making me sit up and take notice"—John Ashbery. $13.95 cloth; $6.95 paper

Weathering

Poems and Translations by Alastair Reid

Weathering brings together the selected poems of Alastair Reid, a frequent contributor to the *New Yorker* and author of more than twenty books of poetry. Including translations of Pablo Neruda, Jorge Luis Borges, and Jose Emilio Pacheco, the poems in *Weathering* test the strength of language to encompass the world with words. $8.95 paper

The University of Georgia Press

Athens, Georgia 30602

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO JEOPARDIZE A PERFECTLY GOOD FRIENDSHIP.

Give someone you care about a gift subscription to *The Nation*.

In all likelihood, the recipient will get just as enraged, worked up, and aggravated about the issues the magazine covers as our regular subscribers do.

That's because *The Nation* covers those issues with a critical spirit and independent perspective that set us apart from other publications. Which isn't surprising, since it's written by such original thinkers as Alexander Cockburn, Christopher Hitchens and Katha Pollitt.

And politics isn't all we cover. Our subscribers also enjoy our writing on the arts, which is of such extraordinary clarity and intelligence that it alone is worth the price of a subscription.

So maybe you should give *The Nation* as a gift after all.

Just be sure your relationship can stand it.

The Nation.
Subscribing to our principles isn't enough.

THE NATION
BOX 1953, MARION OH 43305

YES! I THINK MY RELATIONSHIP CAN TAKE IT. Please send 24 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the special gift rate of just $15 for the first gift and $12 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO (Please print)
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
GIFT FROM (Your name)
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Enclosed is $_____for_____subscription(s). (Extend each subscription FOUR FREE ISSUES.)
☐ Bill me later.

Add: Foreign postage: $4.50/24 issues; $9/one year. Subscription payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

LD814

A progressive and feminist approach to family violence would require much more funding for battered women's shelters and support for a thorough reform of police and court procedures. It would also insist upon publicly funded day-care, without which most women can't afford to work. It would require pay equity, so that even women who are not investment bankers can support themselves and their children. And beyond these revolutions, it would support the revolution in consciousness that enables women to see that they may love men, but they do not have to depend on them for self-respect, that they can be the heroes of their own lives. □

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

A Walk in the Woods
Wenceslas Square
American Notes
A Subject of Childhood

Of the two new plays about East meeting West and the resulting strains, I must confess my preference for the ostensibly less serious, Larry Shue's ***Wenceslas Square*** at the Public Theater. That's not to say that Lee Blessing's ***A Walk in the Woods*** (at the Booth Theater) fails to engage the attention or command respect, but ultimately these simulated meetings between a U.S. and a Russian arms negotiator seemed as laboriously contrived and unconvincing as Bill Clarke's set, with its lean, limbless tree trunks and recyclable autumn leaves posing in front of the three white walls of an enormous room decorated with a photo of real woods. This unnaturalness was never put to any theatrical use except to remind us, at every moment, that what we were watching was symbolic. Unfortunately, that didn't need underlining.

The problem with ***A Walk in the Woods*** inheres in its central merit. It is a calm, lucid, nonpartisan scale model of the frustration generated by decades of disarmament negotiations that both the United States and the Soviet Union use as window dressing for the reality of an unstoppable arms race. Robert Prosky (who was ***Hill Street Blues***'s Sgt. Jablonski) plays the Soviet negotiator, a lovably gruff teddy bear whose pleasure in rubbing more disingenuous noses in the dirt of geopolitical reality provides the driving force of the plot, such as it is. As the U.S. negotiator whose nose Prosky abuses, Sam Waterston proves once again that not even James Stewart is more like James Stewart than he. Stiff, laconic, lanky and soon to play the title role in an NBC miniseries of Gore Vidal's ***Lincoln***, Waterston is the quintessential Yankee. He rebuffs Prosky's overtures of friendship, refuses to play trivia games with him and delivers the show's one overt sermon on the horror of the nuclear arms race, a serviceable paraphrase of Jonathan Schell's ***The Fate of the Earth***. However, the play's last word on the subject savors more of Samuel Beckett than of any crusader for disarmament. The negotiators' best efforts prove futile, and they part ways (much as the audience leaves the theater), knowing the nuclear nightmare will go on. Such a muted curse on both superpowers' houses is probably the most commonly used aspirin for frazzled nuclear-age nerves, and ***A Walk in the Woods*** has enjoyed a fair success with critics and audiences for saying what is universally thought but almost always repressed: We all live in a nuclear submarine.

Wenceslas Square, though more diffident in trundling out the big guns of the ***Zeitgeist***, has the merits that sort with modesty: It is lifelike and full of warmth. It takes the form of a travelogue through Prague some five years after the brief political thaw of 1968. The protagonist is a drama teacher (played by Jonathan Hadary) from "Cementville College," who is revisiting Prague to research a "Where Are They Now?" epilogue to his book about the Czech theater during the thaw; with him is an undergraduate who acts as his photographer and straight man (Bruce Norris, as pleasantly ingenuous in blue jeans in this role as he was as Demetrius in the Public Theater's recent ***Midsummer Night's Dream***). As the citizens and officials of Prague, Dana Ivey and Victor Garber tend to steal most scenes, and how could they do otherwise with so many plummy character roles to flit about in? As in his much broader farce, ***The Foreigner***, Larry Shue has a lot of fun with the strangeness of language, foreigners' and ours, but unlike that play or his even more frenetic hit (still on Broadway) ***The Nerd***, Shue's aim has not been to create some juggernaut laugh machine but simply to recount his experiences as an innocent abroad. (I assume, from its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

varied textures, that Shue's Prague is based on personal acquaintance. Blessing's "pleasant woods on the outskirts of Geneva" are as generic as the Forest of Arden.) The effect is not unlike Spalding Gray's *Swimming to Cambodia*, with the addition of actors, props and a modicum of scenery.

But let me get back to "lifelike and full of warmth," those bromidic evasions (as they must seem) of the critical responsibility to account precisely for one's applause. Actors as good as Waterston and Prosky can do much to invest wooden characters with seeming vitality, and when the wood used in their construction is of the best quality, illusion can go far. Blessing has given his dialogue a smooth veneer of Shavian high gloss ("Formality," harrumphs his Russian, "is simply anger with its hair combed") and he's taken great pains in the engineering of the two characters' interactions so that there is always a varying tension between them. But: These are not men with lives that continue when they leave the stage, and their major interpersonal dilemma (Can we be friends even though our countries are enemies?) is the kind of happy problem that only exists in the theater and in movies, where it is solved in just two hours after an emotional outburst has prepared the ground for Sympathy and Understanding. Blessing's play shows what arms negotiations would be like if they were conducted by you or me or Everyman; arms negotiators in the real world would have solved Blessing's happy problem years before they got to Geneva. For this reason, Blessing's play ends up delivering a feel-good message despite its ostensibly downbeat ending: If Sam Waterston and Robert Prosky can become friends, then maybe someday so can America and the Soviet Union. Who would want to contest this Aquarian wisdom, or fail to be comforted by it?

Wenceslas Square is lifelike much in the manner of those evermore exfoliating designs generated by the Mandelbrot set of complex numbers, crystalline lattices of potentially infinite intricacy. Blessing's characters do change and evolve in the course of *A Walk in the Woods*, as the drama rulebook requires, but Shue's characters become more complicated as we get to know them. Part of this is the actors' doing; Hadary, for instance, modulates his laughter through a range from sneaky aggression to self-abnegation that is as finely gradated as Sam Waterston's spectrum of smiles. The difference is that Hadary's characterization is generated by a text that is literally lifelike in its potential for provoking any amount of valid embellishment. Waterston's smiles, like a model's, are a professional accouterment.

Of warmth as a dramatic criterion, though our aesthetic antennae respond to it in art as our skin does in nature, I am reduced to mere finger pointing, head nodding and phatic noises. Shue's play has considerable warmth; Blessing's is lukewarm—but Len Jenkin's *American Notes* (also at the Public Theater) is positively chilly. Its microcosm of ten representative Americans includes: two hookers, a pimp, a U.F.O. fanatic, a carnival pitchman, a zombielike derelict and a mysterious stranger in a trench coat who pays sinister court to the coed night clerk of a seedy motel. These and other lowlifes all speak the argot peculiar to serious theater, a poesy as stereotyped as the lyrics of country and western ballads, and not that different. In Jenkin's America, women are either victims or whores, men are sinister creeps or pathetic wimps, no one works (except the zombie), people survive on fast food and booze, and the TV is always on, rotting minds. No one goes anywhere, no one listens to anyone else, and the program comes with an epigraph from Blake's *America*: "Tho' obscur'd, this is the form of the Angelic land." This is the mind-set of a 16-year-old refugee from Winnetka still wet behind the ears with the blood from his or her first piercing. Jenkin is scarcely the first to confuse the safety pin in his cheek with political savvy, nor even the callowest.

The most distressing thing about *American Notes* was the wealth of theatrical talent that has been squandered on its production: an elaborate, two-tiered honeycomb of a set designed by John Arnone and the services of ten actors with enough prior credits among them to constitute a brief history of Off Broadway. But had they been the Royal Shakespeare Company they couldn't have kept *American Notes* afloat, so there's not much point blaming (or naming) them. The nature and degree of producer Joseph Papp's responsibility is a matter of conjecture. My own, based upon a sampling of such recent Papp productions as David Hare's fatal *The Knife* and Reinaldo Povod's *La Puta Vida*, is that Papp, being of a bilious disposition, will settle for the near-beer of petulance when genuine wrath

EVENTS.

A teach-in

THE PALESTINIANS

Speakers: Edward Said, Cornel Weir, Eqbal Ahmed, Samira Haj, Christopher Hitchens, Henry Schwarzschild.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 7 PM

Columbia University, Harkness Hall
Butler Library, New York City

Free admission. Sponsored by the Arab Club.

THE PRESS AND CENTRAL AMERICA

Alexander Cockburn, *Nation columnist and author of* "Corruptions of Empire," will speak on the media's coverage of events in Central America.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 8 PM

Swayduck Auditorium
New School for Social Research
65 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Free admission.

Colloquium

SOCIAL WELFARE POLICY AND LAW: Fighting Back; Moving Forward

Panel topics: Current Legislation, Workfare and Welfare Reform, Bureaucratic Disentitlement, Women and Children's Issues, Welfare and Homelessness

FRIDAY, APRIL 15 (evening)
SATURDAY, APRIL 16 (full day)

New York University School of Law
40 Washington Square South, New York City

Free and open to the public. For more information, call (212) 998-6376.

Sponsored by the NYU Review of Law and Social Change.

Remembering rebellion

COLUMBIA STRIKE: 20TH REUNION:

FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 7 PM

Film and panel: "Why We Struck." Nancy Biberman, Juan Gonzalez, Mark Rudd, Bill Sales, others.

Horace Mann Auditorium
120th Street and Broadway, New York City

SATURDAY, APRIL 23

Noon: **Picnic,** Mathematics Hall Lawn.
3 PM: **Panel,** "Where We've Been, Where We Are Now." Earl Hall Auditorium.
8 PM: **Party,** Earl Hall Auditorium.

The first annual

Conference on the Teaching of English in Independent Schools

presents

FREDRIC JAMESON

Speaking on global capitalism and Third World literature. Other speakers include: Peter Taubman and John Rankin (Poly Prep School), David Schiller (Horace Mann School), David Nicholson (Riverdale School), Christine Schutt (Nightingale-Bamford School), Diane Handin (Pingry School), Thomas Farrington (The Cathedral School) and Suzanne Price (Convent of the Sacred Heart).

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 9:30 AM TO 4:30 PM

Poly Prep Country Day School
92nd Street and Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn

For further information and registration, call Barbara Swanson (914) 677-5294 or Peter Taubman (718) 836-9800, or write Barbara Swanson, PO Box 366 Millbrook, NY 12545. Registration is $50 and includes lunch and breakfast.

Sponsored by the New York State Association of Independent Schools and Poly Prep.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or malice isn't on tap. It may also be the case that near-beer is a more marketable commodity, but I doubt it.

A Subject of Childhood at the WPA Theater is a horse so redolently dead that one hesitates to whip its gruesome carcass. Playwright Loren-Paul Caplin writes dialogue that would make even the hastiest soap-opera hack cringe. Like the immortal Florence Foster Jenkins, he possesses a voice that grates throughout its range. Whether he's being gooey about love, or purveying psychobabble, or having people quarrel like toddlers ("No, you're not!" "Yes, I am!" "Not, not, not!" is a fair paraphrase of one big scene), Caplin gets it wrong. As his tired plot plods to its Act I curtain (rarely does a play this bad offer an intermission in which to escape one's seat), the luckless onlooker's wandering mind inevitably begins to speculate on *how* such a turkey ever came to be served up by a theatrical company with the track record of the WPA Theater, the originator of last season's entirely stageworthy *Steel Magnolias*. Admittedly, its got a high-concept story line: parents debating whether their little boy is a genuine Bad Seed, or did his little friend fall to his death by accident? But this viable idea doesn't survive five minutes of Caplin's heavy-handed treatment. Surely a professional, in reading the script, would have known what anyone but Caplin's mother would have to say about *A Subject of Childhood*—i.e., that it was certain to bomb. But where there's a part, no matter how bad, somewhere there'll be an actor hungry enough to take it. (One of the actresses in *Subject* is making her Off Broadway debut, and my advice to her is to change her name and start from scratch.) But why would a *director* ask for this kind of trouble? The answer appears in the program notes, where we're informed that director Bill Castellino co-wrote the book for *City Muzik* with its composer-lyricist, none other than Loren-Paul Caplin. From that point, what one is seeing on stage begins to make sense.

The reason *Subject* is worth discussing at all is the set by Edward T. Gianfrancesco, one of Off Broadway's most capable scene designers. It represents the living room, staircase and upstairs hallway of a house said to be in Brooklyn. Gianfrancesco's idea was to universalize his domestic interior by surrounding gray stuffed furniture on a gray carpet with bookshelves, a TV, a child's plastic tricycle and other impedimenta, all spackled gray. Ditto the walls and the pictures on the walls. It was hard not to suppose that this was Gianfrancesco's veiled comment on the character of the text he'd been set to illustrate rather than a sincere aesthetic faux pas. After all, if a dead horse needn't be beaten, neither does it require much in the way of equipage, so why not just paint it gray?

However, this particular style of design has become, with some trivial modifications, a commonplace among Off Broadway theaters, and it cannot represent in all such cases the set designer's cryptic commentary on the text. The Second Stage's recent *Loose Ends* and several productions at Circle Rep have adopted this generic solution to the problem of low-budget set decoration. It is almost always a false solution, for gray paint, gray carpets and gray sofas do not create a Platonic living room inhabitable by any cast of characters; they represent the negation of the forms over which they cast their pall. A designer would do better to scavenge authentic furniture off the streets than to fob off another such dentist's waiting room as a set design. It's simply an excuse for not thinking.

Loren Sherman, who designed the set for *Wenceslas Square*, was under (I would guess) budgetary constraints comparable to those at WPA, but Sherman's every prop and stick of furniture was expressive and characterful. Even the piece of steel scaffolding that signified a construction site was individualized by a red-trimmed metal trough for mixing concrete, which had the expressive individuality of a piece of sculpture. A set designer doesn't need a big budget to create great sets, only a live imagination, a good eye and an understanding of the secret language of cloth, wood and papier-mâché. □

Join The Nation Associates, a group of loyal and committed *Nation* readers who provide invaluable support for the magazine through annual contributions of $20 or more. Membership includes a subscription to "The Nation Associate," a newsletter that tells you what's going on behind the scenes at *The Nation*, and invitations to many *Nation*-sponsored events.

For further information write or call Sandra Zickefoose, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, (212) 242-8400. Make checks payable to The Nation Associates.

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement that we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation *wishes its readers to know: a) we do not have the facilities to check out the promises made by our advertisers; and b) we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

APARTMENTS DESIRED

NATION EMPLOYEE seeks bright living space below 20th Street in Manhattan. Call (212) 924-4379.

BOOKS

NOW AVAILABLE. Catalogue one: Labor and Radical studies. Rare, scarce, O.P. Write: Southpaw Books, 57 Beechglen Street, Roxbury, MA 02119. (617) 442-5524. We buy single items and collections.

DISCOVER THE PSYCHOLOGY OF hierarchal social systems. Explore new electronic third party political possibilities. Learn how to change present collective behavior. Read "Utopia For Tomorrow." Send $15 plus $3 handling to Edward Kunin, 49 Cannon Street, Bridgeport, CT 06604. 15-day money-back guarantee.

BOOKLETS

SCHOLARS SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE
The Trisection of the Angle
with unmarked rule and compass only
32 p. copyrighted booklet
Send $19.95 to Dept. L, Box 771, Fort Bragg, CA 95437.

BOOK SEARCH SERVICE

FREE BOOK SEARCH by specialist bookfinder. Send titles to: Continental Book Search, Box 1163-N, New York, NY 10009.

CALL FOR PAPERS

SUBMIT PAPERS OR PROPOSAL for panels and workshops for Marxist Scholars Conference, Louisville, March 16-19, 1989. Papers considered for publication in MEP Journal, "Nature, Society and Thought." Send to: Lundstrom, Theatre Arts, University of Louisville, Louisville, KY 40292 and Todes, Institute of History of Medicine, Johns Hopkins University, 1900 E. Monument Drive, Baltimore, MD 21205. Deadline November 1, 1988.

CASSETTES

PERESTROIKA/GLASNOST WILL IT WORK?
Robert Scheer, prize-winning investigative reporter for the Los Angeles Times, formerly editor of Ramparts magazine, has just returned from an in-depth jaunt through the USSR. Scheer gives a masterful presentation of talks with the average citizen, as well as the top Soviet brass. Available to you on a 1-hour cassette. Include $10 plus $1 for postage. Write FORUM WEST, Suite 202, 726 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90401.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CASSETTES

DISSENTING VOICES

Noam Chomsky: U.S. Mideast Policy; Beyond the Reagan Era; U.S. Central America Policy.

Alexander Cockburn: The Mainstream Media; Manufacturing Consent.

Edward Said: The Question of Palestine.

$8 each cassette. Write for free catalogue. David Barsamian, 1415 Dellwood, Boulder, CO 80302.

COUNSELING

WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST, 20+ years experience, Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Insight-oriented and analytic. Crisis intervention; short-term; long-term intensive psychoanalytic approach. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Carnegie Hall vicinity, New York City. (212) 582-5508.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS? CARING, EXPERIENCED clinical psychotherapist will help resolve them. Short- or long-term treatment as needed. Sliding scale. NYC: (212) 466-6775 or Nassau: (516) 484-1249.

EDUCATION

CASA NICARAGUENSE DE ESPANOL

All Nicaragua is a school!

A SPANISH LANGUAGE, POLITICAL AND CULTURAL STUDY CENTER IN MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

- Study Spanish four hours daily at all levels
- Live with a Nicaraguan family
- Meet with representatives from government institutions and mass organizations
- Visit cooperatives, community projects and attend cultural events
- Travel to different regions of Nicaragua

ENTRY DATES 1988:

Jan. 4	July 25
Feb. 1	Aug. 22
Feb. 29	Sept. 19
April 4	Oct. 17
May 2	Nov. 14
May 30	Dec. 12
June 27	

CNE

CNE also teaches English to the leaders of the mass organizations. Interested teachers please write for information

2330 W. THIRD ST., Ste. 4 LOS ANGELES, CA 90057
(213) 386-8077

LEARN SPANISH IN GUATEMALA: Five hours daily, one student per teacher. Family living, social and community activities. Start Mondays. Casa Xelaju de Espanol, Box 11264, Milwaukee, WI 53211. (414) 372-5570.

Speak French like a diplomat!

Comprehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning; 47 languages in all. Call or write for free catalog. **1-800-243-1234**

AUDIO-FORUM® Dept. 394, 96 Broad St. Guilford, CT 06437

HOUSE SHARING

PHILADELPHIA: Progressive professional woman with healthy lifestyle seeks sensible person to share charming Germantown home. $275/month plus utilities. (215) 848-8141.

JEWELRY

CRYSTAL PENDANT with neck chain, charming, $12.95 pre-paid. Colorado Trading, PO Box 258, Columbia, KY 42728.

★★★MAY DAY! MAY DAY!★★★

"The month of May will come, when every lusty heart beginneth to blossom . . . for it giveth unto all lovers courage, that lusty month of May."
—Sir Thomas Malory (1485)

Let The Nation herald your heartsong! Send your posey or nosegay to your lovebud through our Classifieds.

Mail to: May Day, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

Deadline: April 13; messages will appear in the April 30 (May Day Eve) issue.

Rate: $1.25 per word, 10-word minimum.

A red Nation T-shirt (M, L, XL) will be awarded for the most inspirational greeting.

MERCHANDISE

"MONEY TRICKLES DOWN, DEBT TRIPLES UP" "Trickled down yet?" Bumper stickers. $2 each. BoisLine TN, PO Box 7339, Boise, ID 83707. Quantity rates.

RED HOT bargains! Drug dealers' cars, boats, planes repossessed. Surplus. Your Area. Buyers Guide. (805) 687-6000 Ext. S-3596.

Serious Lighting for Serious Readers
Write or call for FREE Catalog
Levenger Design Company
Dept. TN8, 480-C Concord Avenue
Belmont, MA 02178 (617) 484-0014

MISCELLANEOUS

RUSSIAN TYPEWRITERS, brand new Hermes portable, $175. Also, English and other language typewriters. Russian language instruction. Jacob Sachs, 251 West 98th Street, New York, NY 10025. (212) 222-6683.

PERSONALS

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS for all cultured singles, 3,000 members. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039 or call (215) 358-5049.

CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER
links compatible singles concerned about peace, justice, environment. Nationwide. All ages. Since 1984. Free sample: Box 555-A, Stockbridge, MA 01262.

"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US." While we confront grave issues let's not "lay waste our powers." Let's remember to create space for friendship and intimacy. SLENDER, ENERGETIC WIDOW—68, activist, music, dance enthusiast—seeks male companion responsive to world problems and individual needs. Nation Box 431.

I LIKE STUBBORNESS and a sense of humor. Also baseball, movies and bluesy jazz. Attractive SF, 5'7", late 20s, leftist politics, seeks likeminded man to keep me on my toes. Nation Box 432.

PERSONALS

ENERGETIC WF SEEKS WM, share music, peace, sunsets on the bay. PO Box 9714, Berkeley, CA 94709.

SWM EARLY 30s, professional, works extensively in Central America, progressive activist, fun-loving and warm, seeks woman: 25+, exotic tastes, intellectual, committed progressive, attractive, speaks Spanish, career that can travel and desire to do so. Letter/photo. Nation Box 437.

EARTHY AND INTELLECTUAL, progressive professional DWF, lively late 50s. Varied interests. Seeking compatible warm male friend. Chicago area only. Nation Box 440.

TALL, SLIM WRITER, 48. Pretty, funny, smart and kind. Loves music, books, food, baseball, the outdoors, this magazine. Seeks soul mate/companion, bright sweet grownup man. Northeast. Nation Box 441.

LEFT-OF-CENTER local columnist, 40, seeks a funny and feisty shiksa goddess, 30-45, who wants to escape to a friendly, politically active college town. Box 3462, Iowa City, IA 52244.

A LITTLE TO THE RIGHT OF TIKKUN, a little to the left of Commentary. Egalitarian woman seeks a man, early 60s, warm, loving, intellectual, insightful, MENCHY!! Nation Box 447.

SF BAY AREA, SWF, 34: Severely alienated but still in the race, still slender, still reading The Nation. Nation Box 445.

If responding to a Nation Box number send replies to: Nation Box _____, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

Engineers, Technicians, Businesspeople, Computer Professionals, Mechanics, etc.,
NICARAGUA NEEDS YOU!
Volunteers are urgently needed for 2-week training and consulting positions in various governmental and non-governmental agencies. Trips leave every month. Please contact:
tecNICA, Dept. N, 2727 College Avenue
Berkeley, CA 94705 415-848-0292

AIRLINES NOW HIRING. Flight Attendants, Travel Agents, Mechanics, Customer Service. Listings. Salaries to $50K. Entry level positions. Call (805) 687-6000. Ext. A-3596.

STAFF EDITOR, Dollars & Sense magazine. Responsibilities include writing/editing articles on current economic issues, and magazine management. Part-time position. Salary based on $16,200 full time. Health benefits. Send resume and writing samples by April 25 to: Dollars & Sense, 1 Summer Street, Somerville, MA 02143.

FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION, 74-year-old religious pacifist organization, seeks applicants for positions of Development Coordinator and Development Associate, who will be responsible for fundraising and membership development strategy through direct mail, personal solicitation, etc. Demonstrated ability in fundraising; familiarity with grant writing, direct mail, or planned giving programs. Apply by May 20. Minorities and women encouraged. Send resumes to Fran Levin, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960; phone: (914) 358-4601.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

Circulation Director
The Nation

The Nation seeks a Circulation Director with a minimum of 3 years of magazine circulation experience and an in-depth knowledge of: direct mail and renewal promotions, fulfillment house oversight, postal regulations, ABC auditing. Applicants should be analytical, meticulous and creative. Send resume with salary history to: Neil Black, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

BOOKKEEPER/RECEPTIONIST familiar with Macintosh Excel program. Small construction company located in West Village. Call Kenneth (212) 741-0433.

THE CENTER FOR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS seeks Staff Attorney. Must have courtroom experience and be willing to work on various issues including women's reproductive rights. Salary low to mid-$30s with excellent benefits. Third World applicants strongly urged to apply. Send resume, references and writing sample to Marylou Gramm, CCR, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

COMMUNITY JOBS, socially responsible jobs and internships. Subscribe to the only nationwide newspaper listing, covering lobbying, organizing, environment, disarmament and more. $9/6 issues. COMMUNITY JOBS, Box 1205N, 1516 P Street NW, Washington, DC 20005.

GOVERNMENT JOBS $16,040-$59,230/year. Now hiring. Your area. 1-(805) 687-6000 Ext. R-3596 for current Federal list.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

The Texas Civil Liberties Union seeks an Executive Director, based in Austin, to administer and coordinate the legislative, educational, legal, field, fundraising and organizational activities of this 6,500-member state branch of the ACLU. Strong communications, administrative and interpersonal skills required, along with an understanding of and commitment to civil liberties principles. Salary negotiable, minorities and women especially encouraged to apply. Send letter with resume, three references and writing sample to TCLU Search Committee, 1611 East First Street, Austin, TX 78702-4455. Deadline is May 1.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

VOLUNTEER CONSTRUCTION WORK in Nicaragua. Spanish/English speaking Construction Coordinator (stipend) and skilled workers needed. Call AMISTAD (313) 761-7960.

PUBLICATIONS

OPT OUT OF THE SYSTEM! You have a stake in common ownership. Send for FREE thought-provoking catalogue. Introductory packet ("World Socialist" and "World Socialist Review") $2. World Socialist Party (US), Box 405, Boston, MA 02272.

BISEXUALITY, a national newsletter. For information, send SASE to: PO Box 1174, Visalia, CA 93291.

BOOKS ON ADOPTION. Send for descriptive brochure. Tiresias Press, 116 Pinehurst Avenue, New York, NY 10033.

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $2 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

LEFT BUSINESS OBSERVER. A monthly newsletter covering business and economics from a left viewpoint. "A salutary antidote to the economic mush in mainstream periodicals."—Alexander Cockburn. One year $15. 3-issue trial, $5. Left Business Observer (Dept. N), 250 West 85th Street, New York, NY 10024.

THE PEOPLE. Marxist biweekly. Since 1891. $4/year. The People (N), Box 50218, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES FROM $1. (U repair). Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Call (805) 687-6000, ext. GH-3596.

RELIGION

JESUS FICTITIOUS—NEVER EXISTED! Scholarly booklet proves Flavius Josephus created Jesus, Gospels. $4. Abelard, Box 5652-A, Kent, WA 98064.

RENTALS

CALIFORNIA. Beachfront cottage $48/day; $280/week. Write: 3901 Oceanfront, San Diego, CA 92109, or call (619) 488-4389.

RETREATS

ZEN TRAINING

Authentic Zen Training with resident Zen Teacher, John Daido Loori. Residential Zen training, introductory retreats and special retreats which emphasize manifesting this 2500-year-old spiritual practice "in the world."
Residency Training
Monthly "Introduction to Zen" retreats
Intensive Meditation retreats
Artist-in-Residence Program

ZEN MOUNTAIN MONASTERY
P.O. BOX 197PR, S. PLANK RD.
MT. TREMPER, NY 12457

SUMMER RENTALS

JAMAICA. Beachfront villa, fishing village. With cook, four people, $600/week. Flyer, pictures, (203) 247-0759.

TRAVEL

TAOS—You will be welcome at Harrison's Bed and Breakfast. PO Box 242, Taos, NM, 87571, (505) 758-2630.

COVERED WAGON TOURS. Groups 6-12. Breathtaking Ozark scenery. Also camping, cabins, unlimited trails. The Farm, Pinnacle Mountain, Elkins, AR 72727. (501) 643-3557.

LEARN TO "Roam the World by Freighter," $3. TravLtips Association, Box 188U7A, Flushing, NY 11358.

NICARAGUA. Join our 8-day, people-to-people delegations for an experience you'll never forget. Leaving Los Angeles or meet us in Mexico City. Write for schedule. Office of the Americas, 1227 4th Street, Santa Monica, CA 90401. (213) 451-2428.

YOUR CHILD can have the experience of a lifetime—camping with children from all over the world—in the Soviet Union this summer. For more information about how your 12- to 15-year-old child can attend Artek International Camp, please call or write: Voices of the Future, 250 West 57th Street, #1428, New York, NY 10107; (212) 245-7501 or toll free out of New York State (800) 223-1336. Program dates: July 15-August 20. Cost: only $1,750.

T-SHIRTS

THE BILL OF RIGHTS T-SHIRT

First Ten Amendments to the Constitution screened on a Quality T-Shirt
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE
CORONA GRAPHICS
DEPT. 10
395 RIVER ROAD
BOX 1084
E. LIVERPOOL, OHIO 43920

SPECIAL
2 For $13.95 PPD!
$9.95 Each PPD.
Red/White/Lt. Blue/Yellow
S/M/L/XL

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates: $1.25 per word, 15-word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display: $50 per column inch.

Deadline: Wednesday, 17 days prior to Saturday issue date.

Discounts: Pay for 3 runs, get 1 more free. Pay for 7 runs, 3 more free. Pay for 15 runs, 10 more free.

To: THE NATION
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for ____ weeks, plus ____ weeks free.

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

Payment must accompany order. **Payment in U.S. currency.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T-SHIRTS

Support wildlife by wearing environmental t-shirts. (10% of profits go to environmental groups.) Many designs. $9.45 each. Heavyweight 100% cotton t-shirts in S, M, L, XL, in white, blue, silver, yellow. Sweats also, $21.45 each. **FREE CATALOG.**

JIM MORRIS PO Box 831 DEPT WC8
Boulder, CO 80306 (303-444-6430)

Satisfaction guaranteed. Share the Earth!

FASHION CONSCIOUS or fashion conscience, wearing a Nation T-shirt makes a statement. Red or black with white lettering, "The Nation" is printed on the front and "since 1865" on the back. All cotton, S, M, L and XL. $9.95 each, including UPS delivery. (New York residents add sales tax.) Mail check or money order to The Nation, Fashion Mart, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

ADVERTISE IN THE NATION
Call (212) 242-8400

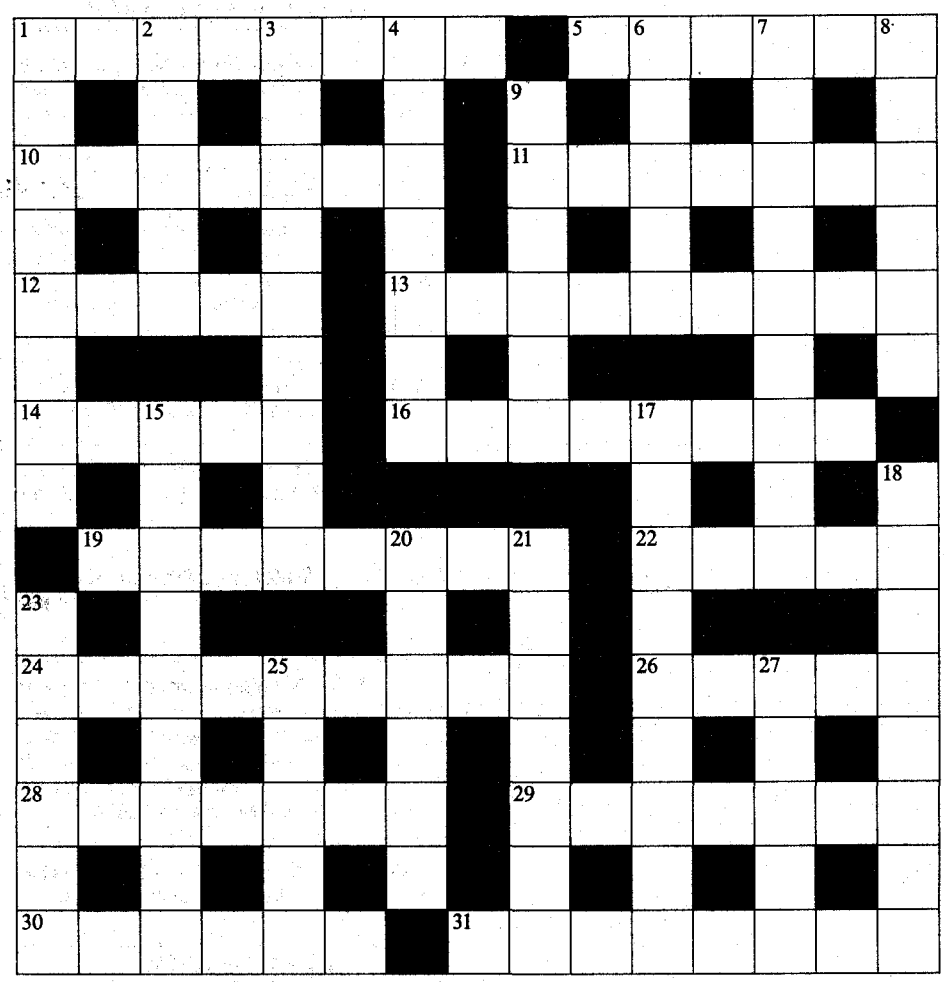
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2191

		C	A	T	T	L	E	T	H	I	E	F		
	C		T		H		A		E		A		B	
S	H	O	O	T	E	R	S		A	B	R	O	A	D
	E		N		R		Y		D		L		N	
R	E	D	E	E	M	S		E	S	P	Y	I	N	G
	S		F		O		T		U				E	
R	E	V	E	L	S		E	X	P	O	S	U	R	E
			L				R				A			
B	A	L	L	R	O	O	M		P	U	N	I	S	H
	L				D		S		H		T		Q	
O	U	T	S	I	D	E		C	O	L	A	N	U	T
	M		W		M		B		E		C		A	
I	N	C	O	M	E		L	A	B	O	R	E	R	S
	I		O		N		U		U		U		E	
		A	P	O	T	H	E	O	S	I	Z	E		

X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 2192

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The manufacture of canes, with effort, would show your line. (8)
5 See 12
10 and 22 Obviously the room has air, but a relatively small number of people play with it. (7,5)
11 Stop, my lad! One has a tenacious grip if one does! (5,2)
12 and 5 Make a proposal to those on the right side, when it comes to 22 for hat-passing. (11)
13 A famous physician is found sleeping—showing the effects of burns, perhaps. (9)
14 The best thing to do every four years. (5)
16 What we used to have to do when the TV went out might be essential for the experimenting type. (4,4)
19 With the Saracen so redoutable, getting critically removed should be obvious. (8)
22 See 10
24 and 26 One puts things in this one after another. (9,5)
28 Ketch, for example, fair game for those who indulge in guesswork for a spell. (7)
29 Measured in a clockwise direction, the wartime German loses his head, and gets a brittle, reddish-white metal (but not again!). (7)
30 Saw, perhaps, what tellers are doing. (6)
31 Certainly not the worst thing in a distress signal, which, though hazardous, might offer protection. (8)

DOWN

1 Held fast in part of the ranch, or edge thereof. (8)
2 and 23 The measure of banter? It's for the birds! (11)
3 Voluptuaries find an unusual abyss, where the formal proceeding is held inside. (9)
4 The small part on the stage may not be well done, but it could be properly a rabbit type. (7)
6 Towel wrack [*sic*]? (The little one should grow up wise, they say.) (5)
7 Makes a lasting record, since it's shattered around the bone at one point. (9)
8 Easy last half, but then drowses a bit in religious gatherings. (6)
9 Binders, perhaps, holding certain features about a common article. (6)
15 It might imply a fair bet—as an example, cash (but not the odd penny or so!) (4,5)
17 In a stall, you might do it. (9)
18 Burns, on the surface, makes a point about the little church. (8)
20 Take everything back about jargon? (6)
21 Perhaps as droll as the last part of 15? (7)
23 See 2 down
25 Perhaps just the type for the design manor. (5)
27 You're not certain to be in this, to act but confused. (5)

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The price of looking it up just went down!

While most unabridged dictionaries sell for as much as $70, this 2,300-page Webster's costs only $19.95. Through a special arrangement with the publisher, we are now able to offer this $79.95 value at a 75% markdown. That's $60 off the original price! Now, you can bring this widely respected reference into your home, office, or classroom. And just look at what the Webster's contains:

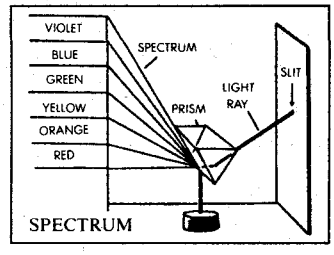
- MORE THAN 3,000 ILLUSTRATIONS
- 19 ENCYCLOPEDIC SUPPLEMENTS
- A THUMB-INDEXED FORMAT

This Standard Reference Has Over 320,000 Words

For more than 40 years, the Webster's comprehensiveness has made it *the* standard reference. With over 320,000 words and phrases, the *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* continues that great tradition. The Webster's defines common and obscure words, words used in other centuries and words newly created in the sciences and the humanities.

More Than 3,000 Illustrations

The Webster's is strong on visuals, too. Finely detailed pen drawings appear throughout the text. These illustrations help make the Webster's a fun, visually exciting learning experience, especially for children.



19 Encyclopedic Supplements

Other dictionaries may contain a few supplements, but the Webster's has over *150 pages* of specialized information for every interest. Here are just some of the categories and features included:

- 16 pages of Full-Color maps
- Dictionaries of Place Names and Geographical Features
- Dictionaries of Biography
- Dictionaries of Names from the Bible, Myths, and Fiction
- A Dictionary of Commonly Used Abbreviations
- Forms of Address
- The Basics of Practical Math
- Commonly Used Financial and Commercial Terms
- A Dictionary of Foreign Words and Phrases.

SAVE $60

A Tradition of Quality

Concise, correct, complete definitions have been the hallmark of the Webster's since the distinguished philologist Noah Webster published the first edition in 1806. The Webster tradition of quality also extends to its format and organization. The pages are thumb-indexed for handy reference. While other large dictionaries use eye-straining type, the Webster's features good-sized print, with defined words standing out clearly in boldface. To make reading easier still, each definition is listed on a separate line or set of lines.

We Repeat: $19.95 Is An Unbeatable Value!

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund.

Barnes & Noble

Booksellers Since 1873

126 FIFTH AVE., DEPT. W299 , NEW YORK, NY 10011

1189398. Please rush me ___ copies of the Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary at your special sale price of $19.95 (plus $3.00 shipping & insurance per volume.) **For deliveries to MA, PA, NY, NJ and MN: please add applicable sales tax.**

Name_____

Address_____ Apt ____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Charge to: [ ] AMEX [ ] VISA [ ] MC [ ] Diners Club

Account # _____

Exp. _____

Signature_____

For Faster Service
Credit Card Customers Call Toll Free
1-800-228-3535
24 Hours-7 Days a week
in Nebraska 1-800-642-9606

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED